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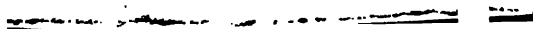
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FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE





THE
DUKE D'ORMOND,

A TRAGEDY;

AND

BERITOLA,

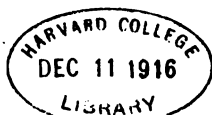
A TALE.

By CHARLES LLOYD.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN, AND
C. AND H. BALDWIN;
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PREFACE.

THE Tragedy which is contained in the following volume was written twenty-four years ago, though it has since undergone many alterations. The Author mentions this circumstance, because, in many respects, it is not such a performance as, at his present time of life, he would have written. The candid reader must be the judge whether he has been too much influenced by that partiality which all writers, more or less, feel for their own productions, when he has deemed that it is not altogether unworthy of being presented to the public. The Author can truly say, that he sees many imperfections in it; he even questions whether the turn of his mind, which rather leads him to analyze feelings, than to clothe them with the freshness, or to embody them in the flesh and blood vitality, of dramatic composition, does not utterly disqualify him for this species of writing. The Author would just hint that where expectations of success are so doubtful, and where a consciousness of demerit is so deeply felt, even if he

should not be deemed to have succeeded, he hopes that no great disgrace would attend such a failure.

With regard to the other Poem in this volume, the Author presents the reader with one more tale, a part of whose outline is taken from the Novels of Boccacio, notwithstanding the accusation of the monthly reviewers, that he has attempted to imitate, and failed in the attempt, the mixture of pathos and humour of the Italian writers. It is rather singular that in one of the poems, "Titus and Gisippus," with regard to which this assertion is made, not one instance of, or even the most remote approach to, an attempt at the humorous can be found; notwithstanding the said reviewers so facetiously remark, in reply to the allegation of the Author that this is the case, that they have heard of persons doing many things unconsciously, but never before heard of a person being humorous without being aware of it.

Whatever be the Author's failings as a writer (and he is willing to submit to the imputation of many), this one, he is sure, cannot attach to him, the sin of imitation. If he write at all, it is not so much from premeditation and design, as in obedience to an impulse which it would be painful to resist.—The Author has partially availed himself in his printed poems of the outline of two stories from Boccacio, not being blessed with a ge-

nous very fertile in the invention of incidents; but these were merely pegs, as it were, to which he wished to attach his own feelings. He never dreamed of imitating the style of the Italian authors, any more than Shakspeare may be supposed to have done (a genius with whom the Author would never think of comparing himself, except on those points which are common to all human beings) when he framed, as the Author presumes that he did, his two plays of "Cymbeline," and "All's Well that Ends Well," from the tales of Boccacio.

Many very excellent persons disapprove altogether of performances in which portraitures of the passions are introduced. The Author therefore briefly, and not without a jealousy over himself lest he should be in the wrong, while he is sensible that his opinion combats that of the more respectable part of the community, here ventures to state his ideas on the subject.—It is certain, whether impassioned delineations exist in books or not, that there will be what are called impassioned characters. They are these characters which produce and like these books, not these books which encourage, much less produce, these characters. None but these would relish works of the description to which the Author has been alluding; and he is constrained to suggest, that, in general, he believes the prejudice which is entertained against impassioned performances arises from the fact, that, in the breast of the greater part of readers, they

excite a painful sense of their own deficiency as respects the scope and intensity of their feelings. Sooner, therefore than avow their own defect, they will erect a negation of passion into a positive virtue. On the other hand, the Author has known persons who have blended exquisite sensibility with deep early religious impressions, and who also have been much limited and restricted in their course of reading and social intercourse, who have found on taking up works of an impassioned tendency, that they too violently stimulated their minds, and destroyed that equanimity and composure, to secure which ought to be one of the first objects of the religious and devout. Of course the Author would never try to persuade persons on whom such performances thus operate to turn to them; no—he respects too much the *innate purity*, and the *exquisite moral and religious tact* of such characters, to wish to *dim* the one, or to *blunt* the other. But to the generality of those who complain of illegitimate influence from such works, the Author thinks that he may with justice reply in the language of Rousseau in answer to a similar allegation brought against his performances, “*Que celle qui lira celui ci, malgré son titre, ne se plaigne point du mal qu’il lui aura fait; elle ment. Le mal étoit fait d’avance: elle n’a plus rien a risquer.*”—For one person that objects to books of an impassioned tendency from an exquisite nicety and impressibility of temperament, there are many, many indeed, who only

do it as a screen for their own coldness; or to speak perhaps more correctly, as well as more liberally, from a sort of instinctive dislike to the portraiture of feelings to which no corresponding chord vibrates in their bosoms. The main objection, the Author conceives, which can be made against impassioned works is the following. Not only no person would either read them or write them while under the impression of religious feeling, but also a taste for them and a taste for religion could not co-exist in the same mind. Is this true? If it be, not a word would the Author of the following performance say in their extenuation. But in his opinion, if, by really religious persons, neutral pursuits may be at all tolerated, pursuits which are neither religious nor irreligious, and whose only recommendation is that they exercise the intellectual faculties (such subjects for instance as those of science, history, and the greater part of those which form the basis of poetry), works in which the passions are delineated may also lay claim to the same toleration. Of course the Author entirely excludes either from toleration, or from the compass of this apology, those works which portray the passions in an inflammatory or seductive manner. Who was ever made ambitious by reading Macbeth, or King Richard the Third; jealous by reading Othello; and died a martyr to the frenzies of imagination, or to the fervours of love, from the perusal of Hamlet or of Romeo and Juliet?—and who of an intellectual cast,

who had read these tragedies, would wish not to have been introduced to such exquisite delineations of the workings of the human mind?

On the other hand, having premised that there will be persons of an impassioned cast, whether or not there be literary performances adapted to their character, the Author affirms that such persons, in an excited state of mind, will not, cannot find an interest in matter-of-fact books, or books of science; he further thinks that the perusal of works adapted (of course in no way offensive to the interests of morality) to the above excited state of mind, instead of augmenting that excitement, often, as it were, rather absorbs the redundant sparks of passion which are ready to fly off in all directions, and which not only o'erinform, but absolutely disease the mind * "In the opinion of the Author, books develop, never create; they are only relished in proportion as they reflect back what they already find in the mind; they modify the previous impressions, they seldom afford new materials for excitement." † "The Author has seen in many religious families from which books of imagination were very much excluded, the same intellectual *ennui*, the same indisposition, and incapacity for receiving excitement from ordinary reading which

* Preface to *Isabel*, a tale by C. Lloyd, p. 28.

† Ditto, p. 33.

by the superficial is supposed to be an effect produced exclusively by the habit of perusing works of an impassioned and exciting cast. The Author allows that many of these works have a most pernicious tendency ; yet he believes that the worst books are a very inefficient part of the causes of vice in any given character ; books are resorted to in states of meditation, and not in states of active impulse ; and it is in the latter state chiefly, when strong impressions happen to be made upon it, that the character is irrevocably formed.”— The Author himself thinks, that he has found when his mind has been in an excited and restless state, that the perusal of a book which has described a similar one, so far from acting as a stimulus, has rather operated as a sedative ; the matter of the book has neutralized the exacerbations of his spirit ; has absorbed its redundancies ; and from such an employment he has often arisen refreshed and tranquillized, when had he attempted to seek refreshment or tranquillity from some author whose topics were one shade more remote from his then state of mind, than the one in question happened to be, he either would have turned from it in disgust, or would have found it incompetent to fix his attention.— “ Books,” as we have said before, “ modify the previous impressions ; they seldom afford new materials of excitement. If this remark be just, the objection to impassioned works falls at once. The impassioned, if

deprived of them, will only be impassioned in a more dangerous way, because with less of intellectual association; the unimpassioned are always secured from their influence, by the texture of their minds, and by the contempt which they affect, or feel, for them." Besides, to sum up all which can be said on this subject in one phrase, is it not better to *educate*, than to endeavour to *annihilate* the passions?—there are many even of perilous natures who might be conciliated by the former process—how many are there that are driven to desperation, and goaded, as it were, to an inseparable distance from the virtuous, between whom and themselves an impassable gulph seems to yawn, by the latter!

The Author can scarcely forbear adding, that it was not till the following Tragedy had gone through the press to nearly the middle of the fourth act, that it *struck* him that the feelings of some of his more *serious friends* might be hurt by it. Under this impression he would gladly have cancelled it, had not the expence attending such a change, and the pledge given to the publisher of the following work as to its contents, been the source of considerations which weighed upon him on the other hand. The Author knows that we are commanded by Apostolic authority not to "put a stumbling block in a brother's way," nor to do "any thing" whereby a

* Romans, chap xiv. v. 13, 21.

"brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak;" and he can truly say, that, had it occurred to him before the contents of this volume were sent to the press, that any portion of them had such a tendency, he would at once have consigned them to oblivion, even though had he thought far more highly than he now thinks of them in a literary point of view: and now that, too late to effect any change, except by means of an inconvenience which seems fraught with greater evil than can be produced by suffering that which is already printed to remain, the idea has been suggested to him that such offence might be taken at some parts of the following Tragedy, all that the Author can say is, to produce such an impression was so far from forming any part of his object in publishing it, that in as much as such an impression is produced he shall have to regret that he was inadvertent of the possibility of such a consequence till it was too late to avoid it.

There are many ways in which probably this Tragedy might be altered for the better, particularly in the fifth act. Some final destination ought perhaps to be assigned to Courtenaye and Despard; and indeed the Author had added a scene, which would have lengthened the present Tragedy, in which something of this kind was attempted, but he felt as if the catastrophe at the end of the first scene of the fifth act closed the interest of the piece, and any further detail, and amplifica-

tion of its *denouement* would but weaken and attenuate it. Besides, to speak the truth, the identity is passed from the Author which led to the composition of this piece; all attempts from him to alter it would be but so much patch-work. It is better that a composition should be defective from curtailment, than enfeebled by too much detail; in a former part of this preface, the Author has said, "if he write at all, that he must write in obedience to an impulse which it would be painful to resist, rather than from premeditation and design," and not only the reverse of all this, but also to write in absolute opposition to inclination and impulse, would be his predicament, were he to attempt to add to this *jeu d'esprit* of former years.

The Author hopes that it is supererogatory to intimate that the defence of duelling in the second scene of the fourth act of this Tragedy is merely inserted as characteristic of the personage into whose mouth it is put, and not the expression of his own sentiments. Besides it is but a relative and comparative defence: it is not there pretended that the practice is good in itself, but only better than something which has been introduced in its place; it is not spoken of as a commendable thing, but as a lesser evil.

WOODFIELD, May 16, 1822.

BERITOLA.

POEMS, &c.

THE STORY OF BERITOLA.

1.

IN Sicily, when Manfred was its King,

A chief, from Naples, lived, Bertholdo named,
Whose monarch's smiles did on his station fling
Whate'er resplendence subject could have claimed.

This Cavalier 'neath the protecting wing

Of his dear Lord, that island so far famed
As Viceroy ruled; and intercession needed,
Each deemed his cause gained, if *he* interceded.

2.

This Noble had a fair and virtuous mate,

Also a Neapolitan; he lived,
As I have mentioned, in exceeding state

In Sicily: and greatly was he grieved
Hearing that Carlos had in battle met
His royal Lord, and him of life bereaved.

Bertholdo now rather resolved to fly
Than yield to an usurped authority.

3.

But the Sicilians, having of this gained
Some intimation, seized upon him when
He least suspected it, and bound, and chained,
Delivered him—with many a citizen
Attached to Manfred—to the King who reigned
Now in his stead, who thrust him in a den
Beneath the Palace of Palermo, where
They pined, of Freedom hopeless, many a year.

4.

The Lady of Bertholdo, who was called
Beritola, quite ignorant of the fate
Of her loved Lord; doubtful if he were thrall'd;
Or dead in his defence who lately sat
On the Sicilian throne; and much appalled
Lest, in his absence, and the present state
Of universal tumult, she should be
Dishonoured, fled in haste from Sicily.

5.

One Son had she eight summers who had lived;
Guisfredi was his name: with him she fled;
Her womb a second burthen had conceived:
She, with much labour, and still greater dread,

Had to the Isle of Lipari contrived
To make good her escape. On wretched bed
Within a little hut, another child,
Upon the fugitive mother there first smiled.

6.

Scacciato was he called ; as we suppose
His banished fortune to commemorate,
Ere many weeks had gone by, lest her foes
Being informed where she lived desolate,
Should seize her, and her sons, a nurse she chose,
And with these babes, too young to mourn their fate,
And that same nurse, without a further train,
She sought her native city to regain.

7.

But it so chanced that by contrarious wind
The bark in which they all set sail was driven
'Gainst Ponza, where in narrow bay they find
From adverse storms, a temporary haven.
While fate their course thus frustrates, they inclined
To explore the coverts of that rock uneven.
There disembarked Beritola, in mood
To muse upon her fate in solitude.

8.

She found a ravine in that desert isle

Meet for the purpose. Here and there a tree,—

Its root half rifted from the ancient pile

Of rock which o'er it tower'd portentously—

Hung bridge-like over head : a stream meanwhile—

Whose subterranean course you might but see

At intervals—dashing 'mid rocks and stones,—

There boiled and chafed in melancholy tones.

9.

Here, sheltered by a venerable yew,

Would oft the sad Beritola repair :—

One day—as 'twas her custom so to do—

That she had thither been to soothe her care,

Melting down hours to moments, while the hue,

And character of that wild scene, and bare,

Accorded so well with her desolate lot,

That she could scarcely leave the lonely spot ;

10.

One day, as 'twas her use, when she had been

Reflecting there longer than she was wont ;

And now towards the ocean verge, the well-known
scene

Where she had left her babes, from that rude haunt,

She was returning, trace could not be seen
Of babes or mariners:—nor streamers flaunt,
The wonted signal of that little bark,—
Within that narrow haven could she mark.

11.

She flew towards a little neck of land,
Which intercepting, from her sight did hide
A long continued prospect of the strand;
And, of that rocky isle, the adverse side:
Till now athwart its surface she had scanned,
The streamer of that bark which there did ride,
Safe from the winds within a tiny creek,
Whose waves against that neck of land did break.

12.

She gains its highest point,—nor mariner,—
Nor child,—nor nurse,—nor pinnacle could she see;
Wild, in an agony of mighty fear,
To that Isle's loftiest station instantly
She flies: and here she finds, what seemed to her
Too dreadful a misfortune true to be.
At distance she a gally does discern
Towing that pinnacle cabled to its stern.

13.

At once the truth rushed on her.—All is lost.—

Some Pirates there have been ! and they are gone !
Her children !—mariners !—have left that coast !

The pinnacle too !—The only means whereon
She could have rested hope the sea t' have crossed !

She faints !—She falls !—No one can hear her groan !
For that small island as its native guest
Not even one inhabitant possessed.

14.

No one is there in her extremity,

E'en drop of water to bestow ! Save sands,
And boundless seas, and rocks, and the blue sky,

Nought is there when her eye again expands
On which its gaze may fix ! From sympathy,

And all the solace man from man commands,
In woes far less than this, in this her great,
And mighty woe, she is cut off by fate.

15.

She who to all the luxuries was used

Of homage prompt from an obedient train,
She whom the rough winds never had abused,
Who ne'er the pelting hail, or drenching rain,

Had felt; nor save with eye of taste perused

“The season’s difference,” never felt its pain;—
She now is left to hunger, and to bear
All sounds of danger, and all forms of fear.

16.

Her trance subsides! But such a fearful thing—

When she awakes to it—the real seems;
That,—ere her hands with terror she doth wring—

She almost fancies that terrific dreams
Abuse her sense:—but th’ elements soon bring—
Rude summoners of thought—a shock that teems
With horrid certainty. The biting air,
And roaring waves, hopes of illusion scare.

17.

The day is closing. Yet no shriek she gave!

As dumb as it is deep is her despair!
She does not rush into the yawning wave:

Nor beat her breast; nor rend her streaming hair:
Her first thought is; “yet perhaps in some cave

“My infants may be lodged. I will repair—
“While yet some light remains—in every nook,
“And rocky hiding-place, for them to look.”

18.

First towards that place, her oft repeated haunt,
That deep ravine, she wends. When it she saw
Again, it seemed to her she had been wont
To live in Paradise, when last with awe—
Then unbereft of children—she its gaunt,
And rude recesses, trod. Care seemed to gnaw
Her bosom then; but now to *dumb despair*,
Like joy, seemed *milder miseries of care*.

19.

She looked upon the yew beneath whose shade
She had so oft reclined, and “oh,” she cries,
“What comfort then was mine, when once I made
“Thee, conscious witness of my miseries!
“I then had babes, when from thy gloom I strayed,
“To welcome my return! Oh agonies
“Not to be borne! How will the little one
“Miss that fond bosom which it nestled on!”

20.

“How will Guisfredi with his eyes suffused
“With tears, exclaim, ‘where is my Mother,
where?’
“Ye barbarous wretches had not ye refused
“Me to take with them, I would freely spare

“ The bitter curse ! But what could have abused—
“ That it could children from their mother tear—
“ The human heart to such obduracy ?
“ If ye had fathers been this could not be ! ”

21.

Then from that spot the maniac mother flew,
When she perceived that all her search was vain ;
Each nook she visited, nor of that crew,
Nor of her children could she trace regain.
Once more she tottered to that gloomy yew,
Outworn and famishing ! yet 'twas not pain ;—
'Twas agony—or if a word more fierce
There be—'twas it that did her heart's core pierce.

22.

Through that long night she sate upon the ground :
And all that made her conscious she yet lived
Was when a star shot through the gloom profound,
And with its light somewhat the sense revived
Of outward things ! yea, such grief did confound,
And overwhelm, her functions, that, derived
Was, from the silent stars, in that lone waste
Of being, all that after memory traced.

23.

What agony did that next morning's dawn

To her convey? The first sight she had seen,
The first thing felt, when darkness was withdrawn

Had been her sucking infant! Time had been
When Scacciato's little hands did fawn

Upon her breasts! Pangs exquisite and keen
Now harbour there, and no infantine lip
Brings coolness to them with its eager sip.

24.

She sees, she sees, the little pouting mouth

Pressed to her bosom, its nectareous hue
More soft than that of rose, when, from the south

The amorous winds have just imbibed its dew!
She stretches her arms forth! The piteous drou
Of her poor little nursling doth she view!

Sweet phantom, stay awhile! It will not stay!
She strains her strenuous arms! It melts away!

25.

Just at that moment from a neighbouring cave,

Which she had not perceived, in that ravine,
A She-Goat issued. From despair to save

That wretched mother, what a thought hath be

The inmate of her heart! Now doth she brave
The thorns and jutting rocks which th' entrance
screen

Of a low cavern; there, upon the ground,
Nestling, a pair of just dropped goats she found.

26.

With eager, frantic gesture then she stooped,
Exposing to their little lips her breast;
That natural sustenance which had long been cooped
E'en till she was with agony oppressed,
They swiftly drank. As blossom that hath drooped
Beneath the sun, as now toward the west
The day retires, the evening dew refreshes;
So she revived from every drop that gushes!

27.

As towards that cavern's orifice she turns,
While thus these goatlings drew away her pain,
It seems as if the sun less fiercely burns,
The sky a softer azure seems to gain;
A gush of nature in her breast that yearns
Towards these helpless creatures doth unchain
The fount of tears: it seems as if a hand
Has, from her temples, snatched a fiery brand.

28.

*A new-born welcome, to her eyes, is seen
Reflected from each branch that stirs in air,
Each leaf that by the breeze is kissed, a green
Of more refreshing hue appears to bear.
A liquid freshness mantles all the scene :
The parched aridity of her despair
To something of a softer nature changes ;
And thought, e'en while she weeps, more freely ranges.

29.

The fever of the body, and the mind,
Seemed thus abated ; and then first she felt
The call of hunger. But how could she find
What might assuage her appetite ? She knelt—
And, thankful, that, when fate seemed least inclined
To be her friend, some succour had been dealt,
She now resolved, through trust in Heaven to gain
That which ne'er yet was trusted to in vain.

30.

Thus sometimes weeping for her children lost ;
And sometimes for her husband ;—of the fruits,

*The breeze I see is on the tree :
It comes to soothe my child and me.

Wordsworth.

And berries,—which the sterile rocks embossed
Of this rude isle—partaking: by these goats,—
And by their mother, she was so engrossed,
That they to her as friends were. Each salutes,
At morn's return, the other as a friend!
Each, at day's close, to the same cave doth wend.

31.

Ah, who can tell, that hath not thus been tried,
By what fine filaments the human breast
May be once more to natural objects tied?
When of each succour fortune doth divest
Her wretched victim. One who years did 'bide
Within a dungeon finally caressed
A *Spider*; as a friend! If this be so,
Why towards a goat may not like feelings glow?

32.

The mind is all in all! He who can see
Various intelligence in infant's smile,
Somewhat would he enlarge his sympathy,
May even with a reptile spurned, and vile,
Much more then may, with harmless creature, be
Domesticated so, he may beguile
Whole hours in their society, and find
At last, in them companionable mind.

33.

*Hath not, in later times, Geneva's Sage,—

Who seemed o'erflowing with the soul of love,—
Proved to what height this passion may engage

The human heart, when its desires so move
Towards objects from without, that, to assuage

Its intense yearnings, we its influence prove
On bird or beast? Say, can ye hear, and blame,
When with such care his pigeons he doth tame?

34.

In general those who most this instinct feel,

Are they with natural sensibility

Endowed, whom fortune hath compelled to steel

Their hearts against each softer human tie.

But since, though stress of circumstance conceal

All overt promptings of this sympathy,

They still must own its force, that force enthalls
Them in mute fellowship with animals.

35.

The lorn Beritola had better plea

For humble intercourse; the slender thread

Was it to her, whose occult agency

Her with existence sensitive doth wed.

*See Rousseau's *Confessions*, Vol. ii. p. 116.—Duodecimo edition.

act of life—it is a mystery!—
 red thing!—to those to hope quite dead,
 hing creature as a spirit moves,
 hat heart, which, loving, no one loves!

36.

nile Lady, was, by length of time,
 her houseless fortune reconciled,
 , in that inhospitable clime,
 out a dwelling,—e'en though berries wild
 er sole food, and banks of fragrant thyme
 nly pillow, and her beverage mild
 ral springs,—had,—as her destiny,—
 ough she might go thence,—fixed there to die.

37.

he abode there thus, it chanced there came
 at same isle of Ponza, pinnacle small
 isa: 'mong the crew was one by name
 do, who had made a vow, to all
 : shrines tribute to bring, and claim
 this an absolution general,
 r for the failings of the past:
 all failings long as life should last.

38.

So to divert a melancholy mood,
On his return, had he decreed, with dart,
And well trained hounds, from rock, and copses run
Of that same isle, its tenants wild to start.
Within the confines of a straggling wood,
Which stretched towards that ravine, which to the
heart
Of Iorn Beritola was so endeared;
Currado with his company careered.

39.

With this same Lord from Pisa had his Dame
Disembarked also on that desert isle;
She too with him pursued the flying game :—
As it so chanced the little goats meanwhile
Were browsing on a heath hard by. Here came
The panting dogs in formidable file
The goats pursuing, till, at length oppressed,
They found a shelter in that Lady's breast.

40.

With brandished staff she kept the dogs at bay;
Meantime their course that Lord and Lady bend
To that same cavern where Beritola
Fondles the goats whom she did erst defend.

They marvelled much when her they did survey :
Dishevelled from her head her locks depend.
Savage in mien was she, and not a trace
Remained of gentlewoman's courtly grace.

41.

When as Currado, at that Dame's request,
The dogs, who still clung round her, had dispersed,
How there she came, and wherefore she was guest
Of spot like this, what fate her thus had cursed,
He urged her courteously to manifest.
Beritola, in accents few, rehearsed
Her past mishaps, and then did she aver
That nothing, from that isle, should sever her!

42.

Though they both marvelled greatly at her tale,
For to Currado had Bertholdo once
Been known; they marvelled more nought could
prevail
To make Beritola the life renounce
Which there she had sustained; nor did they fail
Blame on such resolution to pronounce.
Hoping meantime she might be reconciled
To purpose less inexorably wild.

43.

Currado offered her, if she would go
With him, as brother should a sister treat,
That he to her all courtesy would shew,
And pledged that all with homage her should greet;
And that on her he should himself bestow
An exhibition for her station meet.
Nor though he urged her much, could he incline
Her, that forlorn condition to resign.

44.

At last he cried, " I will withdraw awhile,
" And leave my wife with thee, perhaps she may,
" More than myself, be able to beguile
" Thee of thy purpose stern. Meanwhile I pray,
" Deign so far on our proffered love to smile,
" As in some fitting garments to array
" Thy unprotected form : consent to wear
" Some vestments which my train shall hither bear."

45.

Currado's noble wife meantime did cause
A table to be spread, and viands placed
Before Beritola, who long did pause
Ere she of them could be induced to taste.

To what her Lord had said with such applause
Referred she, and so much that proffer graced,
That finally Beritola did own
That what she chiefly feared was to be known.

46.

Meantime the She-Goat, which had roamed to browse
Among the rocks, the cave re-visited.
Beritola, as she was wont, allows
This faithful animal to thrust her head
Upon her lap. She licks her hand which strews
Portion of that whence she had lately fed
Before her on the ground. This uncouth guest
Caressing her, was thus by her caressed.

47.

The Lady marvelled much. Beritola
To her the story of that goat did tell :
Carrado's wife then fervently did say
That if that Lady deigned with them to dwell,
Not only she in solitude should stay,
Remote from intercourse, but to compel
Her, with the less reluctance, she invites
Her goats to share in hospitable rites.

48.

The Lady, ere Currado re-appeared,
 Promise extorted from the sad recluse ;—
That when from Ponza's isle their pinnace steered,
 She too with them would go. From the long use
Of savage life, was savage food endeared
 So far to this lorn outcast, that the juice
Of berries, and pure water which appeased
Her thirst, her more than costly viands pleased.

49.

The crew embark.—To her dumb faithful friends,—
 Whom she, for-all the world, would not have left,—
Beritola still clave :—and oft she sends—
 As distance of its shores, the sight bereft—
Reluctant thoughts towards that huge rock which
 bends
 Roof-like, athwart that solitary cleft,
With many a yew, and gnarled oak-tree crowned,
And where those harmless comforters she found.

50.

In widow's weeds attired, and seldom seen
 Beyond the limit of her chamber small,
(Which she had chosen as the fittest scene
 For meditation, since in forest tall

It was embowered ; for this room between,
And the main building of the ancient hall
Where dwelt Currado, trees umbrageous stood).
Beritola abode in solitude.

51.

The edifice was ancient, and the place,
And its austere environs, well agreed
With the profound imperishable trace
Of melancholy thought, which all could read
'Graved in Beritola's expressive face :—
The narrow limit ne'er did she exceed
Of her embowered, and insulated cell,
Save at the summons of the chapel bell.

52.

The edifice was ancient, massy towers
Thence peered 'bove branchy woof of aged trees ;
The clustering ivy there formed gloomy bowers
At noon of day : thence oft the wanderer sees
The owl sail silently in evening hours,
From cornice, battlement, and jutting frieze.
The raven croaks there ; and as fails the light
The bat wheels round and round its sultry flight.

53.

Thence from the chapel tower peals the stern bell,
Its sounds reverberate from some neighbouring
wood;
At midnight hour thence may be heard to swell
The distant weltering of the ocean flood;
As through the thick mist tolls the day's slow knell,
And o'er the groves the large red moon doth brood,
What fathomless masses of deep shade lurk there!
What forms fantastic start of awful fear!

54.

A book sometimes Currado's Lady brought;
To saintly legends earnestly she lent
An ear: to pious manual whence faith caught
For deeper zeal a fostering argument.
By her, while oftentimes in intensest thought
On what was passed, whole winter nights were spent,
When the near forest moaned with blast of night,
Her soul to Ponza's rocky isle took flight.

55.

When with sonorous trumpet came the wind;
And in those pauses deep, when storms are nigh,
Which in charm'd trance, as 'twere, creation bind,
In lowest whispers it doth pant and die;

When like the night's stern spirit unconfined
It spake of fear, and deep-tongued mystery ;
When like the lapsing flute's soft melodies,
Silence might seem to listen to its sighs ;

56.

Then much she loved romantic tales to con
Of those, who,—after hardships long and strange,
And fearful risks, and desolation,
And “ hair-breadth ’scapes,” and frequent rueful
change,
At last, had ample retribution won ;
And then her thoughts would to her husband range,
And to her children, and while thus she read,
A secret faith her spirit passioned.

57.

With every heroine she identified
Herself, by whom or husband had been lost,
Or children ; till at last her fancy fed
By such discourse with books, had gain'd almost
To her reality : and she was led
To day-dreams, which so totally engrossed
Her sympathetic heart, that she addressed
Self-rais'd, self-questioned forms, as real guest.

58.

That heart which had in Ponza's solitude—

Except her goats—no one external friend ;

Her with the faculty had *there* endued

Shapings with it so potently to blend,

And to work up, as in fantastic mood,

Ideas, till the real it did lend .

To their procession, that this power pervaded

Her more than ever since by books 'twas aided.

59.

Thus she became a visionary creature ;

The winds talked to her, and the silent moon ;

In clouds she traced an intellectual feature ;

And stars were her companions ! The boon
Of phantasy seemed to exalt her stature :

Her eyes were as of one who in day's noon
Conversed with spirits. Such thoughts in her had birth
She was not as a being of this earth.

60.

Oft was she rapt with eager presages,

Like Pythian Priestess was her very frame
Convulsed with workings from dim messages !

Which, though she felt, she knew not whence they
came.

And oft, she said, when most that fury rages—
 (And then with intropenetrating flame,
Her eye pierced through impenetrable things)
“This from my children, and my husband springs!”

61.

Then to her goats would she awhile recur,
 And they, while dearer things from her were fled,
As children, and as husband, seemed to her ;
 A something, meanwhile raised up in their stead ;
To these dumb creatures thus did she transfer
 A higher influence 'till it seemed to shed—
With passion-linked thoughts—upon their traces,
Suggestions dim, and visionary graces.

62.

Thus so much seemed they representative
 To her of dearer objects, that whate'er
Happened to each of these, she did believe
 That it the secret fortune did declare
Of that more *lov'd thing*, of which this did live
 A granted symbol : thus should sickness tear
These creatures from her, when she *that* had seen,
In thought, a childless widow had she been.

63.

Her dreams were life! Her very thoughts were for
A language hieroglyphic could she read
In all created things; and fancy warms
Her spirit so, that it a shape decreed
Which, ere the act matures, the soul informs
Of that which shall infallibly proceed
From the next moment! In each hue, or tinge
Of outward shapes, fate did a truth inpinge.

64.

Thus things for her doubly exist. She sees
Will's shadow ere that will is brought to act;
The birds seem sent to her on ministries
Of weal or woe: whate'er the fates transact,
Ere 'tis transacted, she perceives the breeze
Of its approaching presence: for all *fact*
There seems to be such fitness in her state;
'Twixt them seems harmony predestinate.

65.

Thus, as it is by some supposed, in heaven
'There will of thoughts be such true symbols seen
That there a clear reflection will be given
Externally of that which is within,

that to forms will such a spiritual leaven
Be thus imparted, that they will be, e'en
Like vast phantasmagoric types, which need,
Of further utterance, will supersede:

66.

So did all accidents to this Dame speak—
So were ideas to mute substances
Imparted, that she never strove to seek
Beyond the intimations which these glances—
When they on her o'erwhelmingly thus break
In intuitions, and impetuous trances—
Convey to her. Life, and all forms of life,
To her with speaking mysteries were rife.

67.

She has, or fancies that she has, or ere
A person stands before her, in her soul
Imprinted his idea. Things appear
But outward types which spirit doth controul.
Seen objects seem to her the hemisphere
In which is bodied forth the complex whole
Of man's interior state; and what we see
Is but mere accident of what we be.

68.

Those beings who with her had lately been.
Seem to leave with her their peculiar spirit;—
Their voice not only had she heard; had seen.
Not only their exterior; of their merit
Not only had opinion form'd; but e'en—
Like impress on warm wax—she seemed t' inherit
Their very selfhood—see their life of lives:—
Their life's love:—that whence each act *end* derives

69.

She had drunk of their existence! E'en as things,
With chemical affinities, combine,
Had she combined with them! Like scorpion sting
Did bad men leave with her! And love divine
Lies on her spirit as with brooding wings—
Like shadows on the crystal hyaline
Which him of Patmos saw—when blessedly
Into the good man's heart she seems to see!

70.

But, gentles, it is fit that I should now
Turn to that vessel, which did steer away
From Ponza's isle; bearing upon its prow
Her precious babes. For Genoa's ample bay

Was this bark bound : and scarce did time allow
The mariners to reef the sail, and weigh
The anchor, than that weeping nurse did land,
And weeping children, on a foreign strand.

71.

When as the booty now was duly shared
Among that ship's proprietors ;—the nurse
And these poor children, found the sea had spared
Their lives for bondage : e'en than death, a curse
More to be dreaded ! He, with whom they fared,
By name, was Guaspirini. To rehearse
How they endured with him a service hard,
And sordid, scarce would suit the theme of bard.

72.

Ill clad, worse shod were they, and coarsely fed !
The nurse, whose grief was measureless at first,
When she her mistress' loss remember'd, shed
Abundant tears, and her hard fortune curs'd.
And when she saw these babes fair prospects fled,
And to herself indignantly rehearsed
From what height they had fallen, abundant fears
For them had she, and on them fell her tears.

73.

But since she saw that nothing could be gained
By weeping for these babes, and since discreet
She was, and prudent, she from tears refrained,
And earnestly Guisfredi did entreat
To hide his name, and birth; and thus she feigned
They were *her* children, and did this repeat
To all enquirers. Peril, well she knew,
Might, were their birth divulged, to them ensue.

74.

For many partizans had Carlos there :—
Thus tutored she so well the elder boy
That if, by any chance, he questioned were
To tell his name, he did at once reply
“ Giannotto,” with so unconcerned an air,
That no one doubted his sincerity.
And she entreated him, however base,
Or mean his task, to do it with good grace.

75.

She hoped the future better days might bring,
When safely both their birth and rights might be—
The first made known;—the last reclaimed;—when
king
Legitimate should govern Sicily.

Who to his lofty seat perchance might bring
A heart less adverse to this family,
Than that of his, who, as their hard fate will'd,
His throne, now undisputed monarch, filled.

76.

Thus years past on—but when his sixteenth year
Giannotto gained, a high and lofty spirit
No longer suffered him the yoke to bear
Of sordid servitude. He did inherit
A soul impatient of the sway of fear,
And prompted by that confidence of merit
Which youth and health inspire, from Genoa, he
Stole in an Alexandrian argosy.

77.

Three years he roamed from place to place: nor e'er
Occasion found auspicious to display
Those powers, which inly told him that they were
Born for distinction on a future day.
At last he heard that he whose rightful heir
He was, was living still, though he yet lay
Prisoned by Carlos.—Thus, without a home,
He to Lunigiana chanced to roam.

78.

By accident, he there Currado met,
Who, pleased with his deportment, him did hire
To wait upon his person ; and while yet
Beritola, within her cell,—the fire
Of her most ardent spirit oft did whet
With dreams fantastic of his absent sire,
And of himself, and brother, there lived he,
Close by that mother, inadvertently.

79.

Never had they yet met. For, as I said,
Beritola did seldom quit her cell ;
And never save when to her prayers she sped
At the due summons of the Chapel bell.
Now while such abject life Giannotto led,
A daughter of Currado it befel,
A youthful widow, her spouse dead, did come
Once more to dwell in her ancestral home.

80.

With partial eyes Giannotto she surveyed,—
As well she might:—for manly was his form :—
Nature had most profusely lent her aid
To give him that which doth most surely charm

The female heart ! On all his mien there played
Grace, which originates in passion warm,
And lofty ; and a high intrepid fire
His eyes now shot, now beamed with soft desire.

81.

Upon his lips there played a subtle smile,
Whose charm his ivory teeth might well augment ;
His rich black hair, in masses, all the while,—
Or, in crisp ringlets on his forehead,—lent
Assistance to those charms which most beguile :
As rich frame doth rich painting ornament,
To aid expression nothing can compare
With fluctuation of luxuriant hair.

82.

His eye, though piercing, had a furtive glance
Of dewy softness : and his eloquent cheek,—
Whose hue his brows of jet might well enhance,—
Now pale, and now incarnadined, did speak
Language, of which ne'er yet a maiden's glance
The meaning with impunity might seek.
His symmetry ! In it you well might trace
Alcides' prowess, with Apollo's grace.

83.

Thou art a tyrant, Love !—Thou dost delight
To plant thy missiles in enamouring tresses,
On glowing cheeks, on brow of snowy white,
On lips of coral, and in soft caresses,
And thou dost take a pleasure to excite
Passion, where fate imperiously represses
The fond indulgence of that very aim
Which thou dost so mischievously inflame.

84.

Thou bringest youth together purposely ;
And laughingly dost see their passion grow :
At first mere dalliance it seems to be ;
Mere pastime for a summer's day to know ;
Then, all at once, thou lay'st aside thy glee,
And dost thyself a mailed tyrant shew,
And spectres rise around thee, and they bear
Poison, and swords, and symbols of despair.

85.

So did it fare with this enamour'd dame ;
At first she thought only to please the sense
Of sight, by viewing beauty, 'gainst whose claim
To admiration none could urge pretence.

As children we forewarn from touching flame
 As dangerous, and such sport prohibit hence ;
 Or as we interdict unlawful book :
 On youth like this, so should not lady look.

86.

One day Currado a rich banquet gave :
 The neighbouring nobles to his castle came :—
 Tired of discourse on topics somewhat grave,
 At last to motto which his house did claim
 For its armorial blazonries, one gave.
 A weak objection, urging that the same
 Of sense was destitute. To prove this, he
 A letter quotes in its orthography.

87.

*That day Giannotto, as it was his care,
 Right opposite to Spina,—so was named
 Currado's daughter,—stood behind a chair :
 That noble, who a fit reply had framed,

* The whole of this narrative to stanza 89 inclusive, is taken from Rousseau's Confession. The incident occurred to him while living with the Comte de Gouyon, and the motto to which it refers was "Tel fieri quæ tunc pas," which the stupid objector contended ought to be "Tel fieri qui ne tunc pas."—Rousseau was called upon for an explanation, who said that fieri was derived from the verb ferir, a verb then obsolete; and that it was not the adjective fieri mis-spelt, as the objector had supposed.

In the youth's eye, and smile, perceived the air
Of shrewd intelligence, and that he blamed
The inept, and inapplicable phrase,
Which would, from his device, one letter raze.

88.

"Speak," cried Currado to Giannotto. Then
Did he, with prompt sagacity, remove
Th' objection, which the speaker with a vain,
Illiterate misconception, tried to prove
Adhesive to the motto. He made plain
That the stale comment which did disapprove
Its fashion, was with ignorance replete,
Of spelling, and of language obsolete.

89.

The letter to which he exception made,
Was th' adjunct of a word now used no more;
Not an intruder, and by this small aid
The sense original did he restore
To that device. The company betrayed
By loud applauses, iterate o'er and o'er,
Surprise unfeigned, but the youth's best reward
Sprung from a look which Spina's joy declared.

90.

This joy was evanescent, but complete !
 'Twas one of those auspicious moments rare
 When in their natural order spirits meet :—
 Which merit trampled on awhile doth spare
 From being outraged : when heart, heart doth greet :
 And when eclipsed grandeur's distinctions are ;
 And when, as they should ever do, they find
 Their usurpation disenthroned by mind.

91.

Now the first tumult of the triumph o'er,
 Urged by an affable, and speaking smile,
 Giannotto, asked by Spina, to her bore
 A cup of Cyprian wine. Alas ! the while
 She spake, the urchin god did then explore
 The means 'to work his bane. He did beguile
 Him of his wonted strength so, that each limb
 Shook, and before his eyes a mist did swim.

92.

With tottering step, and faltering knees, and hand
 Which trembled like an aspin, did he raise
 The mantling goblet, and the god so planned
 That, at that moment, fell Currado's gaze

Full on his eye. Failed all his self-command !

All its red juice was spilled, and as it strays
Down Spina's 'broidered dress, his lord's stern eye
Banished him from his presence instantly.

93.

He cursed himself ! He raved,—his train he tore !

For he who knows the human heart can guess,
Mortification like to this, is more

Heavy to bear, than e'en profound distress.
From that day forth his cheeks the symbol wore
Of inward anguish : and his eye no less—
Fixed on the ground, whence no keen glances broke,—
The inward conflict of his spirit spoke.

94.

But Spina, (who beheld with partial eye,

This ardent youth, and who had shrewdly guess'd
That, for her sake, on him this obloquy

He had entailed, though no one forward press'd
T' entreat with her for him),—such sympathy

Felt for him in the secret of her breast,
That intercession none, with her, there needed
To plead for him for whom her heart so pleaded.

95.

And she resolved convenient time to take
Richly the wretched youth to recompense,
For th' open shame, which, for her dear love's sake,
He had endured. Not many weeks from hence
Carrado, to his wife, proposed to make
A summer's revel at fair residence
Which, a day's journey from his castle stood,
Embowered in thick and venerable wood.

96.

He had decreed that Spina too should share
In that same recreation. Further he
Addressed, for the first time since shame he bare,
Giannotto with frank cordiality,
Saying that he required him to repair—
The next morn with a festive company—
As he did add—"to spend a summer's day
In tall woods which round that pavilion lay.

97.

The day arrived. The company repair—
In litters some,—and some on chargers proud,
Whose rich caparisons and trappings rare
Gorgeously 'neath the morning sun-beams glowed:—

It happened, at that time, that ladies fair,—
And gallant cavaliers,—a goodly crowd
Of revellers, were assembled at his hall—
Where then Currado held high festival.

98.

Beritola,—who much was usged to go—
Inexorably kept her old resolve:—
“It might be,” she exclaimed, “some one would
know
“Me, ’mong so many who all there convolve
“From parts so various; and besides, I trow,
“I should in an unwelcome gloom involve
“This joyous company. I were indeed
“Intruder there in this funereal weed.”

99.

Little did she suspect her son was there !
Or she had ne’er made such excuse, I ween ;
Exultingly not only would she bear
Scrutiny’s chilling look him to have seen,
But dangers have defied, though such they were
As might daunt hearts for enterprize most keen.
The time was not yet come. Mother and son
Have still a perilous career to run.

100.

Arrived : they found the place in all bedight
That well could furnish joyance to each guest ;
Shrouded within a near wood's gloom from sight,
A far resounding minstrelsy expressed
All sounds inspiring amorous delight :
Tables were spread, where richest wines, express'd
From most luxurious vintages, induce—
Mantling in bowls—each one to taste their juice.

101.

The day was cloudless. Through the canopy
Of matted leaves which o'er them were suspended,
Glances of shifting light most sportively
Or played upon the turf, or sometimes blended
Their rays with gems, and crystals, daintily
Which from the neck of high-born dames depended.
And many a flickering beam seemed to enhance
The swift mutations of the mazy dance.

102.

What saw there Spina ? Through the eager train
Her eye was ever on one object fixed.
'Tis a delicious time when we retain—
By understanding which there is betwixt

Us, and a dear loved object,—such a chain
 Invisible to all, that—in that mixed,¹
 And giddy circle, we can, thence, defy
 Thousands, to thwart electric sympathy.

103.

*Perhaps, at no time Love does more impart
 Delicious feeling to the human breast;
 Than, when it is contrived, with furtive art,
 That among multitudes shall be expressed
 By under tones, by side-long looks, that heart
 To heart is linked. Love then is doubly bless
 It feels superior to the uninspired
 Mortals around, and is with deep trust fired.

104.

Besides, the mystery that hovers round,
 Enhances its deliciousness ! E'en so
 Did Spina feel, and so her heart did bound—
 As her eye following him, when to and fro

* Perhaps, of all the intimations of love none are so *piquant* as gracefully conveyed by an under manner in a miscellaneous society object of these intimations enjoys the complicated transport of gaffections, of affections gratified with mystery, and of a feeling of phant superiority to all the uninspired mortals by whom he is surrounded.—*Isabel*, 1 vol. p. 17.

Giannotto went, and his form did confound
Or distance, or the crowds that come and go—
E'en for a moment; if he re-appear !
New charm her eye, new music smites her ear.

105.

The scene becomes more gay, more soothing sweet
The liquid notes of music on the air
Seem with a latent melody replete :
And when she sees him in her presence there,
It is a joy to her when others greet
Her look, her dress, or e'en her converse share
With seeming approbation.—Love so fills
Her heart with joy, that it on all distils.

106.

After that banquet, when each several guest,
Now warm with wine and mirth and powers of song,
Had, or in knots met; or again addressed
Himself to the blithe dance, or had among
Those woods, reclining on his leman's breast,
Breathed out soft love tales,—Spina,—when that
throng
As she believed, were most on pastime bent,—
A conscious look towards Giannotto sent.

107.

He understood her. She had in his hand,
That morning thrust a paper, which invited
Him to repair to her, when most that band
Of blithesome revellers appeared delighted
With the day's pleasure. Further she had planned
So her injunctions, so with care indited
Twin path-ways terminating in one spot :
That he not one particular had forgot.

108.

Two roads, in opposite directions, led,
By paths, which made a circle when conjoined,
To an unobvious, and straw-built shed,
Round which the beech and lime so thickly twined
Which was with yew and holly so o'erspread,
That 'neath its wall of leaves no eye could find
Its rough substratum, or could e'en have guessed
Coarser integuments their shade compressed.

109.

Within 'twas lined with moss, a seat of moss
Girded th' interior, and beneath the feet
Rush-woven matting lay. The dainty gloss
Of virgin bower, and jasmine with its sweet,

And faint, frail buds, its little porch emboss,
Clematis there, with pyrananthus meet ;
So that this little grot was fit abode
For hamadryad, or some sylvan god.

110.

A brawling brook before its entrance played,
Whose murmur, mixed with warbling of the birds
Themselves disporting in that leafy shade,
To him who comes to muse there, oft affords
Delicious harmony. Here love-sick maids
Dwelling on all their unimparted hoards
Of passionate tenderness, whole summer day
Might like, in listlessness, to dream away.

111.

Hither came Spina, and in little space
Here also came Giannotto; but I grieve
To say, not unseen by an eye whose trace,
Though at safe distance, watched them as they leave
That joyous company; e'en in the chace
As the sagacious greyhound doth perceive
The track of timid leveret: so, fond pair,
One through that leafy labyrinth tracks you there.

112.

Scarce to the youth, and dame was leisure lent
To give their full hearts' utterance, scarce the steel
T' unlock of tenderness, which long restraint
Caused like a brimming cup to mantle o'er,
Ere vexed Currado, though with speed, with faint,
And cautious step, their shelter doth explore,
And so to learn the extent of what he fears
In ambush lies, and all their converse hears.

113.

Yes, there he watches them, and there he finds
That they have fixed to meet in jasmine bower
That doth a gallery terminate which winds
Beneath the windows of that castle tower
In which fair Spina sleeps, when slumber binds
This festal train, at midnight's witching hour:
That they have fixed to meet there, and contrive
The means their smothered love to keep alive.

114.

Should he now interrupt this interview,
The consequence would be his daughter's love,
Which he would fain no creature ever knew,
Would be the theme of all: the thought doth move

him to delay till night—of an armed crew
Of ruffians ambushed in that very grove,
Whom he had there dispatched this pair to seize—
To seek assistance for his purposes.

115.

And more was he to this determined, since
He from their converse gathered, that no fear
He need to entertain of consequence
Fatal to Spina's spotless character.
Yet since he finds, not from indifference,
But rather since she is esteemed too dear
E'en for love's questionable impulses,
Her safety springs, him rage the more convulses.

116.

Yet does he tarry till their converse ended;
The day was now declining, ere content
With what has past, and with a hope that blended
A deeper expectation with the event
Of their next interview, their steps they bended
Each different ways, towards the spot, whence rent
The air itself, till th' echoing woods reply,
Each various sound of festive revelry.

117.

Thence bursts of laughter peal. Thence minstrel
Or rise in swell symphonious, or prolong
The tender lapsing cadence till it dies,
Like panting summer gale the leaves among
Which scarcely flutter at its amorous sighs :—
Thence sounds of various converse ; and the strong
Redoubling of applauses echoing deep
Into the woods ; in one loud chorus sweep.

118.

Currado from his lurking place stole forth ;
And such his bearing that no one might trace
The secret burthen, which of all that mirth
Destroyed the charm ; and robbed of every grace
The fair nymphs converse, who with tricksome mirth
To dalliance challenged him. Through all that
space
Of anxious expectation, he conceals,
E'en from his spouse, the trouble that he feels.

119.

Spina, Giannotto, 'neath the moon that night
Decreed to plight their vows. A gallery—
Where odorous trailing plants the smell delight,
As they their tendrils twine luxuriantly

Around its dainty trellice—which doth quite
That portion of the dwelling occupy
In which their rooms are placed, it is decreed
Shall be fit minister to such a deed.

120.

At the far end of this, you may descend
By a few marble stairs, and there is placed
A fair pavilion where all luxuries blend
With which a spot should be, or can be, graced,
To passion consecrate: round it depend
Rich crimson draperies, through whose gold-
inlaced,
And blazoned tissues, the sun's radiance glows
Soft as the softest bloom of Sharez rose.

121.

Columns of porphyry support its roof:
On which the sculptor with his cunning hand
Had formed a tracery of daintiest woof:
Within its centre did a fountain stand,
Whose perfumed waters, as 'twere their behoof
From one source all the senses to command,
By freshness, melody, and scent were graced,
By cooling touch, and by delicious taste.

122.

Flowers of all sorts there stood in porcelain jars ;
Or round these shafts of marble were enwreathed ;
The rose, the musky violet, the stars
Of the frail jasmine there profusely breathed.—
Birds from far climes glance there in mimic wars,
Or frolic loves, in golden wire-work sheathed,
Green, orange, blue, gold, crimson, every dye
Of plumed magnificence, there met the eye.

123.

There odorous frankincense for ever burned :
Around its walls were satin cushions piled,
Which,—while the eye their rich device discerned
With wonder—by their amplitude beguiled,—
And their luxurious softness,—him who yearned
For daintiest repose, on them to have coiled
His charmed limbs. Such was the fair retreat
In which this pair had doomed at night to meet.

124.

A hush doth now o'er all the revels steal :
Yet still the *music* floats upon the breeze,
Which e'en as if the leaves themselves did feel,
Gushes, in languid lapsings, from the trees.

As its soft notes through tender twilight peel

It seems to die away in cadences

Fitting the hour; and that hour to it lent;

Or from it caught, a deeper blandishment.

125.

The distant laugh, the titter of some girl

Who listens to a sheepish paramour;

The very tones of revelry; the whirl

Of the gay dance, at that bewitching hour

Seem on the ear like tripping brook to purl:

To unison, by nature's awful power

Fused are they, till like 'faint stars' distant light

They modify, not break, the gloom of night.

126.

The moon now sheds upon the silvery leaves

' A gentle radiance, and the wind seems hushed,

Except where whisperingly, whence foliage weaves

A bower for it to nestle in, it gushed

As o'er informed with scents which it receives

From buds and blossoms which profusely blushed

Upon their teeming stalks. Where 'tis not pent

In such an ambush, sleeps that element.

127.

Now one by one that company retires

Each to his downy couch:—not Spina so:—
She sits upon that gallery, and soft fires—

Mild as those silvery splendours that now flow
From the moon's crystal face—with her desires

So interknead a superhuman glow,—
A tenderness on her shed so intense,—
Against love's risks its depth seems best defence.

128.

Yes, there is that in the calm face of night

Which while to passions depth it doth impart
A greater depth, doth with such exquisite,

And holy tenderness, refine the heart,
Especially when the pale moon's clear light,

Mellows down forms, till, spirit like, athwart
The gloom of night they gleam,—*that* in it lies
Which love at once augments and purifies.

129.

She hears Giannotto's step. 'Twas his indeed!

How soft it falls on her expecting ear!
Her heart responsive beats to every tread,
Whose smothered lapse scarce tells her he is there

Just at that moment did a moon-beam shed
Upon her sylphy'd form its lustre clear.
Her snow white dress so softly round her gleams,
She seems a creature born of heavenly dreams.

130.

She hears Giannotto's step. 'Twas his indeed !
The love they plighted there I need not tell.
Nought could their depth of tenderness exceed,
Except the depth of that strong principle
Which made each feel that there was not a need
For either, in their self defence, the spell
Of honour to invoke. With such deep awe
On both their bosoms was engraved its law.

131.

That not e'en all the soft embrace of love ;
Not e'en fond kisses, and e'en fonder sighs ;
Not e'en those moon-beams soft as plumes of dove ;
Nor softer glances of their tear-lit eyes ;
Not e'en the breeze which seems to bid them prove
Those transports which its breath doth eulogize ;
Not each ;—not all of these together ;—urge
Them to o'erstep honour's tremendous verge.

132.

Currado mad with rage, when he had first
Learned that the dame had not a thought disguised
From her beloved Giannotto, then did burst
On the fond pair.—Though they were sore surprised,
And little pleased so soon to have dispersed
All their fond dream of love, yet enfranchised
As they felt they were, from dishonouring aim,
'Twas *sorrow* that they rather felt than *shame*.

133.

Whether it be, as Bards have often sung
That lofty thoughts give secret warrantry
Of lofty birth; and thus those who are sprung
Of generous lineage, inly justify
In high pretensions; whether that the tongue
Will, of the lofty, still speak loftily,
And a high heart be, as it seems to me,
Nature's inalienable mystery.

134.

Such theme, more fit for philosophic school,
Than for the muse to dwell on, we will waive;
And here assert alone that by no rule
That discipline or courtesy e'er gave,

Or pride of birth could dictate, could a cool,
Manly deportment, self collected, brave,
Be gained, that did the noble pride exceed
Of young Giannotto in that hour of need.

135.

But vexed Currado not a word would hear—
Giannotto told him,—if he would permit,
That, at meet time, and place, *he*, to his ear,
The secret of his lineage would commit.
That when 'twere known to him, it would appear
That, though his station now was menial, fit
Was he, and honourably might he claim,
The hand of Spina, or of leftiest dame.

136.

To reason was Currado deaf. Or ere
He hither had repaired, he gave command
To several of his followers, who with cheer
Aught that was hurtful to Giannotto planned,
To hide themselves whence they his cause might
hear:—
The signal fixed on given, this servile band
Fell on the youth while asking to be heard;
And in a lonely dungeon him immured.

137.

Spina they also seized; and in a cell

Noisome, and dark did they constrain to lie;
Her father did not to her mother tell

Where she was thrust: the hard ground did supply
Her only bed: and though her salt tears fell,

No hand was there to wipe them: though a sigh
Oft from her heaving heart, as if 'twould break
Did burst; no one on her did pity take.

138.

When as her mother asked where she might be,—

Currado told of her unworthy love;—
And that she was imprisoned:—further she
Could not by any means in pity move
Him to divulge to her: thus silently

Her grief maternal smothering, did she prove
Had she not in Beritola found a friend—
Pangs fierce as those which did her daughter rend.

139.

Yet she had this to succour her. Besides

She had a bed, food, raiment, and a home!
But where the heart is wounded, it derides
The little comforts which from wealth can come.

How did she long to know where now abides

Poor Spina: that she might,—or share her gloom—
Or might, by gentle sympathy, decrease
Pangs from that thrall which she would fain release.

140.

It was a woeful sight to see that dame

Who erst so splendidly was dress'd, and seemed
So blithesome in her manners; who did shame

All rival beauties by a grace that beamed
In all she said and did, so that to claim

Likeness to her in word or deed was deemed
Distinction's height,—it was a sight most sad
To see her pale, and shrunk, and coarsely clad!

141.

Worse fares Giannotto. For the fetid damp

Exhaling from his dungeon, so impairs
His senses and his health, that, like frail lamp

Which when extinguishing but feebly flares,
His life seems passing from him: yet the stamp

Of innate dignity his mien still bears:
His grief unattened in his heart he keeps;
And for poor Spina only sighs and weeps.

142.

His sleep forsook him, and the little dole
Of bread and water, which his frame sustained,
He scarce could touch. Despair was in his soul;
And in his dumb demeanour proudly reigned.
Ah, what can man's unnatural heart controul,
Thus, from that casket rich, what it contained
Of richest value,—his intrepid heart,—
Thus piece-meal to purloin with fiend-like art?

143.

Poor Spina! Her grief was of milder mood:—
She often wept, and as she wept she sung
Some woeful ditty which expressed in rude,
And uncouth rhyme, a fate like that which wrung
Her youthful heart: and oft, as she pursued
The artless strain, a sob was heard among
Her woeful melody, if aught displays
Her own experience in another's phrase.

144.

And sometimes when her grief could least be cheered,
Her voice was heard like maniac's wildering
strain;
So wild it was that it might well be feared
That one who could so passionately plain

Was broken hearted ; and whate'er appeared
In future fate, could never know again
A tranquil moment, or a mind at ease ;—
Wild was her melody as gusty seas !

145.

Two years had they in this captivity
Been now immured, when Carlos' hateful sway
Was shaken off throughout all Sicily :—
Gladdened at heart Currado was, the day
When first the fame of this to him did flee,
For of the Ghibbiline had he alway
Been the warm advocate. His *lonely guest*,
When she heard this, unwonted cheer expressed.

146.

Giannotto now so long had prisoner been,
That those who envied him when they perceived
How partially by Spina he was seen,
Inly some pity for his fate conceived :
One of his keepers, who, with gentler mien,
Had now and then by little cares relieved
The heavy yoke of his captivity ;
Informed him of this change in Sicily.

147.

“ Alas,” he cried, “ I, who, for fourteen years,
“ A wretched wanderer, rambling through the earth,
“ Have led a wretched life—now this appears,—
“ Whence once I hoped life’s joys might all have
 birth !
“ Now it appears—and finds me chilled with fears—
“ Deprived of all which gives to being worth.
“ ’Reft of that liberty which only could
“ Make me hear this as loyal subject should.”

148.

“ How,” said the keepers, “ how can rise or fall
“ Of mighty kings, have reference to thee,
“ And to thy abject state ?” The wretched thrall
 Then cried, “ Dost thou thus mock my agony ?
“ Thou tear’st my heart, when thou dost thus recal
“ The stake that my dear father formerly
“ Had in the fate of Sicily ! What wrought
“ Its king’s fall, ruin on my father brought.”

149.

“ For though I then was young, I yet retain
“ The recollection, that, ere I did fly
“ From thence, while Manfred there as king did reign
“ My father was a chief in Sicily.”

"Who might thy father be?" then asked again
The keeper.—"I may now," did he reply,
"This tell to thee, since *that fate* now I feel,
"The fear of which made me his name conceal."

150.

"Bertholdo was my father called, and so
"Is he called still, if he be living yet,
"Guisfredi is my real name: although
"In order to escape the very fate
"Which now I bear, all here who've seen me, know
"Me by another name; and of high state
"And large esteem, I doubt not, for his sake,
"That I should yet in Sicily partake."

151.

The keeper said no more: but from thence he
Went quickly to Currado, and he told
All that Giannotto spake of Sicily,
And of the state, which he said he should hold
Should he that isle revisit. Silently
Currado listened while he did unfold
His tale, which though most earnestly he heard,
No wonder he betrayed by look or word.

152.

But straightway to Beritola he went,
And asked her if she e'er had had a son
By name Guisfredi. She, who, his intent,
Little suspected, answered, with a groan,
“ Had it pleased heaven what once to me it lent,
“ Still to preserve to me, e'en such an one,
“ And such his name, now in his twentieth year
“ Were living, my declining days to cheer.”

153.

Currado, when he heard this, doubted not
That what Giannotto had affirmed was true,
And now the thought that he at once might blot
Out his own shame, and that of Spina too ;
And that fair opportunity he got
By which much mercy he might likewise shew ;
Thence without further parley he commands
Giannotto's presence. He before him stands.

154.

Currado finding all he thought was true,
And grieving that a youth of generous blood
He thus had outraged, did to him renew
Proffers of friendship, and while thus he stood,

Told him, that, if he would, with honour due,
Take Spina as his wife, and thus make good
That which, in hour of dalliance, he had vowed,
With his free pleasure it was now allowed.

155.

He somewhat spake of past disloyalty;
Of that which servants to their masters owe,
And though he had an untold mystery
Which somewhat did enfranchise him from low,
And base subjection, "yet so long," said he,
"As thou in outward form thyself didst shew
"To be my servant, so long had I claim
"From thee of honour, not a purposed shame."

156.

And then he spake of grant of fair estates,
And patrimonial wealth, all which, he said,
Since he no son possessed, my daughter waits—
If thou her husband be—when I am dead.
Giannotto who with ill grace tolerates
A theme, which seemed upon his truth to shed
Grievous disparagement, with speech abrupt
Did thus his declamation interrupt.

157.

“ Thy gifts be to thyself ! Of my best years,
“ Hast thou the best part shorn of life and grace ;
“ I loved thy daughter, and that love still cheers,
“ And long hath cheered, the dreary dwelling place
“ To which thou hast consigned me. With deaf ear
“ When I was anxious from thy heart to chace
“ Base disesteem,—thou turnedst from my suit,
“ And sent'st me from thee desolate, and mute.”

158.

“ I loved thy daughter, and shall ever love !
“ But, old man, which the greater crime is, think,
“ When the strong fires of youthful passions move
“ To speak as nature teaches, or to sink
“ An ardent spirit, which would scorn to prove
“ A recreant to its honour, which would shrink
“ From shame as from a lep'rous plague—to doom
“ A heart like this to self consuming gloom !”

159.

“ Which is the greater crime or thus to act,—
“ Or for a youth to love in life's warm spring,
“ When not to be a lover is, in fact,
“ Not to be worthy love from any thing ?—

" Have I committed aught against the pact
 " Of universal nature ? Hath the sting
 " Of torment, or of death, on any one,
 " Resulted from a deed that I have done ?

160.

" Proud should I be t'obtain thy daughter's hand !
 " And thee to honour for that daughter's sake !
 But speak, I pray thee not, of house or land,
 " Or fair estate,—or dowry,—though it make
 " Her e'en the wealth of Cræsus to command !
 " Love's the reward of Lovers !—and I take
 " Thy gift—if thou give her—with ecstasy !
 " Without her—all beside were mockery !

161.

Currado (though—like most, from earliest youth,
 Who have been spoiled by undisputed sway,—
 He was with power intoxicate) in truth
 Who had a noble heart, and sooth to say,
 His past demeanour with unmingled ruth
 Towards Guisfredi viewed, pleased did survey
 One doomed to wed his daughter, had a spirit,
 Which,—what it gain'd by fortune—claim'd by merit.

162.

Currado nothing said! But with a strong,
And tender grasp, he to his bosom pressed
Guisfredi, who, with persecution long,
He, as his victim, held. With shame oppressed,
With downcast eye, and with a faltering tongue,
His quivering lips some faint excuse expressed.
Guisfredi, far too lofty pleased to be
With shame of others, this feigned not to see.

163.

Spina was now released; but thin, and pale,
The ghost of what she was, she seemed to be;
Yet still Guisfredi joyfully did hail—
Forlorn as was her aspect—her, whom he
Had loved in other days. The wondrous tale
Of what had chanced, Currado did decree,
To be concealed, e'en till a little space
Had re-produced the lovers' wonted grace.

164.

Yet, to Guisfredi, 'twas a spectacle
Far more affecting to behold her thus,
Than 'twas to see her, when, the theme of all,
She was, not only, of the envious,

But, of the world at large, the general
Instance of destiny propitious.
He then admired : but pity love creates,
Which, for dimm'd beauty, more than compensates.

165.

Yes! 'twas to him a most affecting sight
To see her pale and shrunken ! For his sake
He knew that she had thus sustained a blight
Of all, which usually in young breasts wake
Dreams of impassioned love. An exquisite,
A permeating tenderness did shake
The very pillars of his inmost life,
When he, in such tried mistress, saw his wife.

166.

And far, far more he loved her, than when she
Gorgeous, with jewels decked, before him stood ;
Now she appealed to that deep sympathy
Which he had learned, schooled, by the lessons
rude,
And bitter conflicts, of adversity !
She was to him a hallowed thing endued
With consecration, whose entire revealing
Was privilege attached to fellow feeling.

167.

One morn Currado to Beritola went,

And asked her how she might the bliss abide
If fortune towards her should so much relent,

Not only that her son might be espied
By her, but also that from banishment

He should with him bring Spina as his bride?
To whom the dame—"To see that son were dear
"As life itself, and so seen dearer were!"

168.

Then said he to his wife—"And what wouldst thou

"Say, gentle lady, furnished thus to be
"With son-in-law, husband of her whom now
"Thou mournest as a creature lost to thee?"

His wife replied, "Whoe'er it is, I trow,

"To whom thou dost thy preference decree,
"He shall have mine, whether his blood be pure,
"Or if he be of parentage obscure.

169.

"Yet canst thou doubt a moment, thus to see
"My daughter, and from thy hand to receive
"With her a son-in-law, would be to me,
"Not only from long sorrow a reprieve,

“ But consummation of felicity!

“ I will not now repeat, that which would grieve

“ Thyself to hear, how much for her I’ve felt :—

“ Thus recompense for this were richly dealt !”

170.

Then said Currado—“ In a few day’s space

“ Both of your hearts I hope to satisfy !”

Meanwhile beholding that each furrowed trace

Of sorrow, and corroding agony,

Had left Guisfredi’s, and his daughter’s face ;

And seeing both apparelled daintily,

He of the former asked, “ What joy could vie

“ With thine, if here thy mother met thine eye ?”

171.

He answered, “ I can scarce think that despair,

“ Which must so long have weighed upon her
breast,

“ Permits her yet to breathe the vital air :—

“ But if mine eyes may yet be so far blest

“ As to see her, the gladness that I share

“ Would be redoubled, if *her* smiles attest

“ An union, which, to me doth seem to bring

“ All joys, from heaven’s munificence which spring.”

172.

The ladies then were called. Beritola
Who of Giannotto often had been told,
And who had heard that he in prison lay,
Since Spina he with passion dared behold,
Knowing that this was he, did then betray—
As did Currado's lady—manifold
Symptoms of wonder, at what seemed a change
So unaccountable to them, and strange.

173.

But by some hints which from Currado fell—
And recollecting what he had premised
About her son;—she felt as if a spell
Hovered around the youth; till enfranchized
From hesitation, by a mark, full well
Remembered on his brow, she recognized
Her eldest son. With open arms she fled
Towards him, as towards one brought back from
the dead.

174.

To this did many questions fond succeed,
All which did more and more elucidate
The wondrous truth: though there was little need
For much enquiry, for a passionate,

**And earnest instinct, did intensely plead
In either breast ; each had an intimate
Feeling—from word, look, gesture—understood
At once, of kindness, and connatural blood.**

175.

**Currado, now, to all his family,
Triumphantly of this *alliance* spake ;
And so to give to it solemnity ;
And, much as in him lies, that he may make
Some reparation for th' indignity
Heaped on Guisfredi ; further for the sake
Of adding to the tie a public fame ;
A solemn marriage feast doth he proclaim.**

176.

**Guisfredi hearing this, with earnest tone,
Exclaimed “ Currado, you have nobly done ;—
“ By your means, I, who did in prison groan,
“ ‘The height of human happiness have won.
“ My mother even had she been your own
“ Could you have honoured more than you have
done ?
“ To make all perfect ; having in the *past*
“ Given what you *could*, give what you *can* at last.**

177.

- “ With Guasparini, with whom,—as I’ve said,—
“ I once did dwell ; still dwells, as I believe
“ My younger brother ; I beseech your aid
“ Him from his thrall in Genoa to retrieve.
“ Further let bridal revels be delayed
“ Till news of him my mother’s care relieve.
“ ’Tis but imperfect joy, the sight of *one*,
“ To a mother who laments a *second* son !

178.

- “ Further, to Sicily do thou consent—
“ At the same time—to send a messenger ;—
“ The change in the Sicilian Government,
“ If still my father live, the harbinger
“ Of joy to him must be : in such event
“ Could he my mother’s safety too infer
“ It must be clear, as his to us would be,
“ ’Twere cause of augmentation to his glee.”

179.

With general approbation all receive
Of filial and fraternal love this proof ;
He who to Genoa goes, finds that still live
Scacciato and the nurse beneath the roof

Of Guasparini, who could scarce believe

**The news with which in that young man's behoof
The messenger was charged, till he had heard
By the confronted nurse its truth averred.**

180.

An only child, an heiress rich, and fair,

Had Guasparini; he bestowed her hand

On Scacciato, and, with this young pair,

Embarked from Genoa in a galley manned

With his own people. Need I to declare

The joy,—too deep for those to understand

**Who friends, that they thought lost, have ne'er
regained,—**

Which in these re-united spirits reigned?

181.

If this could even for a while suspend

Thy fixed expression of solemnity,

Thy deep, and stubborn melancholy blend

Beritola, with soft hilarity.

If 'twere imperative enough to bend

A rooted habitude of misery,

What must it be on each whose bounding breast

The elasticity of youth possessed?

182.

In all that joy why should we overlook

That faithful nurse? Of all the long tried friends
For twice seven years nothing her purpose shook

To bear her burthen to its destined end.

She never inadvertently mistook

What to th' accomplishment might chiefly tend
Of her soul's purpose, safety of that child!

For twice seven years her faith had been its shield.

183.

First at her mistress and Guisfredi looks

This faithful creature, then Scacciato eyes;—
And oft the well pleased mother she invokes

Whether she thinks that she could recognize
Her eldest born. Then those whom fortune yokes

With the two youths,—those two fair dames,—she
spies,

While oft between her muttering lips is heard,

“Two such youths, two such brides, were never paired.”

184.

While at a banquet they were all convened,

The messenger returned from Sicily,

Who brought the news Bertholdo had regained

His rich demesnes, from prison long set free.

And that most ardent wish he entertained,
 Once more his long lost wife and sons to see ;
 From whom for twice seven years it now had been
 He had not message heard, or letter seen.

185.

This messenger reported that a ship
 Filled with Bertholdo's friends, steered thitherward ;
 And that, ere the sun in ocean dip
 His westering orb, that bark will not retard
 Its swift return. " Bertholdo's quivering lip,"
 Cries he, " can scarcely find appropriate word
 " To speak th' impatience whose keen agonies,
 " Burst forth in flashes from his eager eyes."

186.

Then the nurse bustled that all things might be
 Duly prepared, ere they did embark ;
 Her eye at once seems every thing to see !
 Such circumspection every act doth mark ;
 Together with a will so totally
 Bent upon others' service ;—such a spark
 Of new lit fire is in her aged eye ;—
 And so refreshed is her activity,

• Ne mamo n'adil, ne lettera ne tolsi.—Ariosto, 34 canto, 42 stanza.

187.

It does one good to look at her ! Or ere
I quit this theme, let me one word to thee
Devote, thou being whom without a tear
I scarce can think on ! From *their* memory
Can it be e'er effaced, who in the sphere
Of early life have seen old age thus free
From self reflection ? Can those who have proved
Such care from age, its portrait see unmoved ?

188.

Scarce had that messenger his story told,
Or ere Bertholdo's delegates appeared ;
Many fond salutations they unfold ;
The spirit of Beritola they cheered,
Assuring her, by signals manifold,
That their Lord *hoped* e'en till he almost *feared*,
With such an ardent spirit did he yearn
For the blessed moment of their wished return !

189.

From him then many greetings they expressed—
Both to Currado and his wife, and prayed,
That, for the honour done to their lorn guest,
All that a grateful spirit could have said

Might their acceptance meet ! Then they addressed
To Guasparini, that which well repaid
His daughter's free espousals, courteously ;—
And sureties were for their lord's amity !

190.

When Sicily they left, Scacciato's fate
Unknown was to Bertholdo : therefore these
Could only pledge themselves from intimate
Acquaintance with his thoughts, that much 'twould
please
Him to receive his daughter as the mate
Of Scacciato : thus in courtesies
Reciprocally shewn, this band of friends ;—
And interchange of kindly office,—blends.

191.

The banquet ended, towards the neighbouring strand,
Where lay the bark,—attended by their host,
And by his spouse, and by a friendly band,—
Beritola, her sons, and her loved most,
By side of each, hand closely locked in hand,
And that old nurse, repaired. A pang engrossed
Their hearts at parting, but the happy thought
Of him they soon should meet swift comfort brought !

192.

The Goats, I need not say, were not forgot !

These had the links been ; from them had been
drawn

The little slender thread which bound the lot

Of present joy, to that which marked the dawn
Of their adventurous lives. Thus as a goat

A female life saved, may not hence be drawn
Fitly, the lesson, that we ne'er are wise,
So long as trifling agents we despise.

ADVERTISEMENT.

TILL the following Tragedy had gone through the press to page 192, it did not occur to the Author to contrive that the Duke D'Ormond and the Marchioness de Mielcour should be married. The former arrangement was painful to the Author for reasons that need not be mentioned, but it was not till such a progress as he has already stated had been made in the printing of the Tragedy, that any feasible plan of altering the plot occurred to him. To make the Duke D'Ormond propose marriage after such a recent attachment as he is represented to have had, and with such positive engagements, to another, would give an air of deliberate treachery to his character, which is inconsistent with the view which the Author wishes the reader to take of it; to make Courtenaye propose such a step would be in the highest degree unnatural, and inconsistent with the



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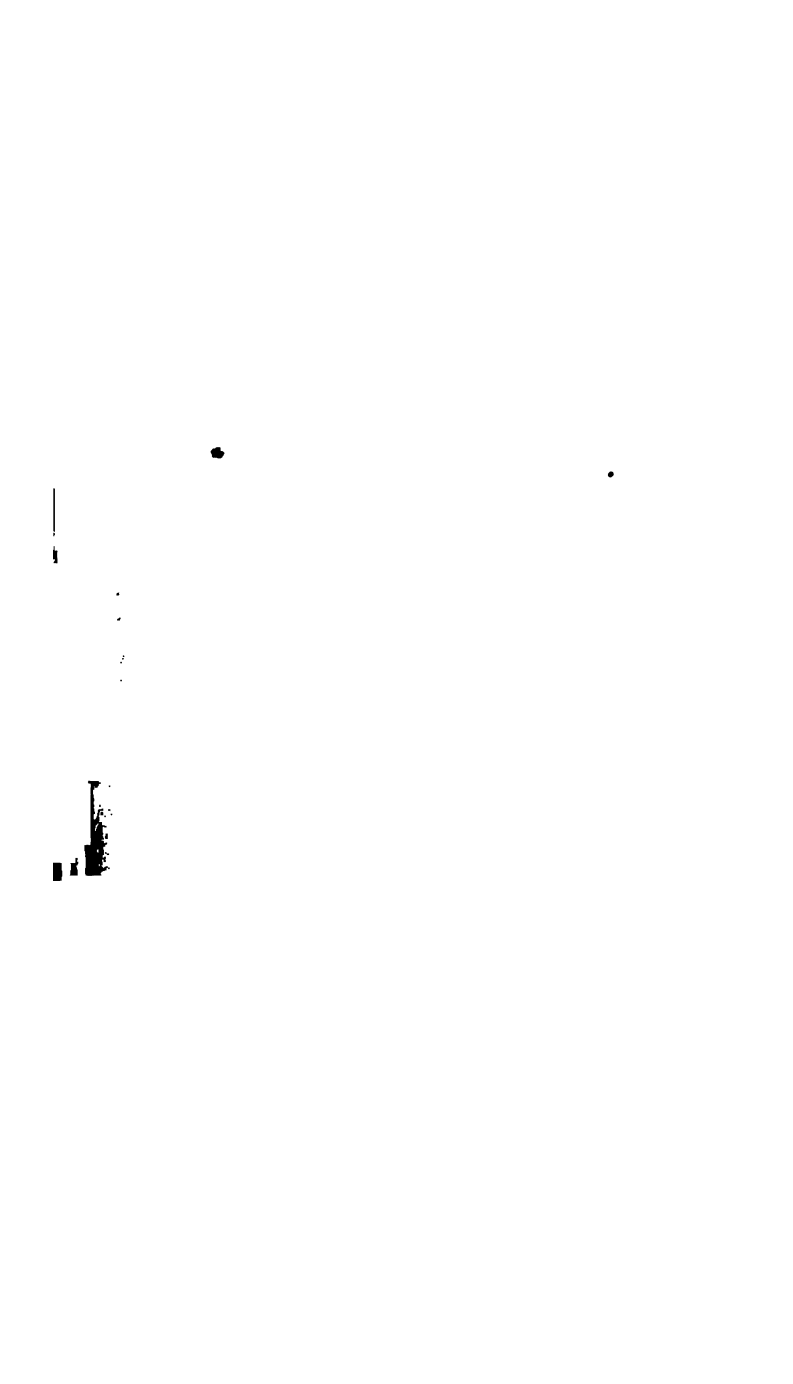
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furtherance of all his schemes; nothing therefore remained but a spurious marriage, which Courtenaye hypocritically recommends. It is natural to suppose that the first idea of this suggested itself to Courtenaye about the time that the soliloquy takes place in the third act, page 169, and the Author requests that the reader will be kind enough, after the perusal of the first line of the above-mentioned page, to insert the following addition:—

To-night,—Duke D'Ormond's feelings, as I know,
Are ripe for this,—to-night, yes, yes, this night,—
Shall they be joined in ties irrevocable.
The appearance of this lady, first to me
This scheme suggested. Yes, he shall not see her,
Till he have placed between himself and her
A barrier insurmountable. I meant
But by a snare of gallantry t'entrap him.
From this he may escape. But if they be
Married,—ah married! Then such sanctity
The law, his conscience, and the prejudice
Of all conditions to this tie attach,
Ah then, in vain will this his earliest mistress,
So opportunely at this instant found,
E'en though she be a kneeling suppliant, plead
For a renewal of his love. I see
It all. I'll to a priest, now I have done
With Despard. To the yielding Marchioness
Then will I hasten with the holy man:
And since I know they're ripe for any scheme

**That gives a pledge of permanence to their passion,
E'en while the iron's hot,—I'll strike the blow !—
And, ere the day be passed, I'll so frame things
They shall be bound in everlasting ties.**

In act the third, page 158, the scene between Despard and Courtenaye should be supposed to take place at the House of the former, and not at the Hotel of the Marchioness de Mielcour. The mistake of the present arrangement originated in the omission of a scene between that in which the Marchioness and Courtenaye, and that in which the latter and Despard meet, and the forgetting to adjust the minor mechanism of the piece to that omission. Courtenaye should go to the house of Despard, and not Despard come to that of the Marchioness, and the reader is requested to make this imaginary transfer in the perusal of the Tragedy.



THE DUKE D'ORMOND.

A TRAGEDY.

La fede unqua non deve esser corrotta,

O data a un solo, o data insieme a mille ;

E così in una selva, in una grotta,

Lontan dalle cittade, e dalle ville ;

Come dinanzi a tribunali in frotta

Di testimon, di scritti, & di postille ;

Senza guirare, o segno altro, più espresso,

Basti una volta, che s'abbia profinesso.

Ariosto, Canto 21, Stanza 2.

How like a hateful ape

Detected, grinning, midst his pilfer'd hoard,

A cunning man appears, whose secret frauds

Are open'd to the day ! scorn'd, hooted, mock'd !

Scorn'd by the very fools who most admired

His worthless art. But when a great mind falls,

The noble nature of man's generous heart

Doth bear him up against the shame of ruin :

With gentle censure using but his faults

As modest means to introduce his praise ;

For pity like a dewy twilight comes

To close th' oppressive splendour of his day,

And they who but admired him in his height,

His alter'd state lament, and love him fallen.

Basil, a Tragedy by Joanna Bailie.

Last scene, last act.

✓ *The Scene is at PARIS.—The Action of the Play
is supposed to take place about the year 1572.*

Dramatis Personæ.

Men.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

COUNT COLVILLE, *his friend.*

COURTENAYE, *really VILLENEUVE.*

DESPARD,	} <i>boon companions of</i>
DORICOURT,	
DE VALVILLE,	

Courtenaye.

LE CHARIER.

Women.

JULIA VILLENEUVE.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

N.B. Wherever commas are prefixed (thus “) the passage may, without injury to the thread of the piece, be omitted at the discretion of the reader.

THE DUKE D'ORMOND.

—◆—
A TRAGEDY.
—

SCENE THE FIRST.

*A banqueting room. Table spread with a dessert ;
bottles, glasses, &c.*

COURTENAYE, DESPARD, DORICOURT, and DE
VALVILLE, afterwards the DUKE D'ORMOND.

—◆—
DORICOURT.

WHAT a changed man is D'Ormond !

COURTENAYE.
Changed ? What mean you ?

DE VALVILLE.
It is most easy to conceive his meaning.

COURTENAYE.
That which my duller faculties conceive not,
To your more quick ones may be obvious.

DORICOURT.

Well acted, on my life! Why, Courtenaye, he
When pupil to so finished an instructor,
Should D'Ormond not be changed?

COURTENAYE.

Good gentlemen,
I do not quite conceive your aim.

DE VALVILLE.

“Not quite!”

By this “not quite” you only mean to say,
That you somewhat too pointedly conceive it.

COURTENAYE.

A truce with such equivocating phrase:
Explain.

DORICOURT.

Aye freely! When Duke D'Ormond first
Came hither, his deportment was most solemn,
His air was more unbending and mysterious,
Than that of any man I e'er conversed with.
If to a jest you utterance gave, he must
With metaphysic argument reply to't.
Was there a hint of raillery on our part,
'Twas followed up on his with a discussion
In formal terms, all marshalled as a corps
Of engineers, storming a garrison.

Were he new garmented, it cost his friends
A hundred theories on the blest exemption
Of Paradise, from all disguise of art.
And this or that costume, as learnedly
Discussed he, as he were fit nomenclature
Adapting to some new discovered science,
Not without syllogism could he eat;
Drink *sans* hypothesis; or e'en make love
Till he had weigh'd the motives on each side,
Eked out with speculative subtleties
From free-will, and necessity derived,
"Fixed fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute."

DE VALVILLE.

What is he now? Good heaven! why Paris has not
A more accomplished cavalier than he!
Who is arrayed with most magnificence?—
'Tis he. Who in his public exhibition
Supports most pomp of train and equipage?—
Still he. Who, in the most elaborate style,
Gives banquets, such as might make pale with envy
Apicius or Lucullus?—Still 'tis he!—
Of these things now,—not "reasoning their need,"
But frankly, carelessly, with easy air,—
He does acquit himself. He now can feed
Without declaiming that, for man's delight
Since bodily appetites as much were given
As highest instincts, 'tis deserving praise
In the same sense,—though lower in degree,

The same in kind,—to have a nice discernment
In a fricandeau, as to be possessed
Of pious and benevolent desires.
Without discoursing of the immortal thirst
Of spirits, he the goblet now can drain :
And like a sparkling eye, or pouting lip,
Nor of inevitable sympathies,
Or appetite, pedantically prate.—
—And who has taught him this ?

DORICOURT:

Aye, who has taught him ?

COURTENAYE.

I cannot say, I see the change you speak of.
At least to-day he gave no proof of it,
Or ere he parted hence. Seemed he not, sirs,
Most splenetic and unconvertible ?

DORICOURT.

Granted.—Yes, if his manners of to-day
Were specimen of that which he is always,
I should agree with you ; but my remarks
To his more prevalent mood of late referred.

DESPARD (*aside to Doricourt and De Valvil*)
Drop you this theme ! You see in Courtenaye's !
It jars some secret string.

COURTENAYE.

Here D'Ormond comes.

(To D'Ormond as he enters).

Where, in the name of all the cheersome spirits,
Which love to hover o'er the social board
Free hearted mirth inspiring, have you been
Thus truant from your friends? I did suspect
That you designed to play the recreant part
Of treacherous and unwarning absentee
For the remaining hours 'twixt this and night.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

'Twas not my aim. A cursed, officious priest,
Would speak with me; and here perhaps had kept me
Till morrow's dawn, had I not had the plea
Of your expectance to cut short his prate.

COURTENAYE.

Thou hast trespassed, hast thou, in thy nightly rounds
Warm from our festal orgies, o'er the threshold,
Or by a ladder of ropes more likely scaled
The wall, of monastery consecrate
To female chastity? The priest, I'll warrant,
Held not such tedious parley for light cause.
Was she of rank? Father, or brother, has she
To vindicate her honour? But what needs he,
Who claims the **Tabouret* to heed such trifles?

* "*The Tabouret*." An honour so called, of sitting in the royal presence, peculiar in France to those of ducal rank. Thus Crebillon says of

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Hold thy licentious tongue ! I was detained,
But by a cause of interest more profound,
Than suits this moment's utterance.

COURTENAYE (*aside*).

This to me

May be of mighty import. I must probe him;
But now is not the time.

(*To Duke D'Ormond*).

Whate'er the cause

That robbed us of your presence, I assure you,
You were detained much longer than we wished.
This moment we were talking of you.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Were you?

Better had I absent myself once more.
To-day all mirth is jarring to my spirits.
I may afford you daintier amusement
By opportunity of talking *of* me,
Than by conversing with me.

(*To Courtenaye*).

You excel

In subjecting your dear friends' characters,
I know it, to the anatomizing edge
Of subtle scrutiny. I baulk your hearers.

a Duke (*Œuvres de Crébillon, fils, tome ii. p. 179*) " Qui'l ne lui res plus a vendre que son *Tabouret*."

COURTENAYE.

Duke, you are splenetic. Sit down, I pray you,
Remember the round dozen of champaigne
You pledged to me, and forfeited last night.
Let these contribute to this evening's mirth.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Agreed.

ALL.

Agreed.

*[At a signal given, the table is supplied with
fresh wine. Each of the party, except the
Duke, here exchange significant looks.]*

COURTENAYE (*aside to Despard*).

Note well his countenance.

(*Addressing the company*).

Come, let me season, with the name of one,—
Whose voice, compared with it, to discord turns
The most delicious melody, whose looks,
To ugliness, most lovely forms,—the juice
Which mantles in our goblets. Come, I say,
I will invoke a beauteous patroness
To grace,—far more than brightest saint, the shrine
Most bright,—our mirth; her spirit to infuse,
Though unseen, 'mid the pleasures of the hour.

ALL (*except the Duke*).

With all our hearts.

COURTENAYE.

The Marchioness de Mielcour.

And may she find a heart as warm and true,
As peerless and resistless are her charms.

DUKE D'ORMOND,

(*Starting from his chair, and advancing to the front of the stage*).

The Marchioness de Mielcour! Curse the lips
Which thus her name could recklessly profane!
Shall it be used familiarly, nor I
The oracle to dictate it? The means
Shall it be made to give more pungent relish
To midnight banquets, and inebriate revels?
I cannot bear it! 'Tis all hell let loose
To torture me to madness.

COURTENAYE.

Duke, did you

Not hear the pledge? What agitates you thus?
The Marchioness de Mielcour, I'll warrant,
Likes the insuppressive fervour of a soul
Fiery and ardent as this sparkling beverage!
One that can revel in the ecstasy,
When its rich fumes elicit from the brain,
And thrilling blood, high phantasies of bliss,

Far better than the sons of sentiment
Sighing in sonnets, and quaint madrigals.

DESPARD.

Aye, by the holy rood, that does she, 'faith!
And if you would that lady woo, and win,
Badge of success, and emblem of your fealty,
You must entwine the vine-leaf with the myrtle.

DUKE D'ORMOND (*aside*).

Hell and perdition! Must these wassailers
Thus band about that name, and I not be
The master spirit to controul their license?

DESPARD,

*(Looking out of a window, opposite to which
is a balcony, from the pillars of which are
suspended lamps, and along which a young
lady slowly paces to a carriage, in waiting
for her, in the court of the banqueting-
house, opposite to the end of the balcony).*

What have we here? A delicate creature, 'faith!

Young, fresh, and fair! Alone, and unprotected!

I'm off—there is no time for parleying here.

*[Vanishes suddenly through a porte-fenêtre
which opens into the balcony.]*

DORICOURT.

Where can that hair-brained Provençal be going?

COURTENAYE.

He is embarked in some love enterprize !
His match he has not for a quick discernment
Where skill in such adventures may be tried,
Nor for possession of that skill when wanted.
Woe to the damsel, if she virtuous be,
Within his gripe ! The lamb in eagle's talons
Is not more sure a victim than is she !
Except indeed, chusing to imitate
The preux chevaliers of the good old times
Of chivalry, we sally to a rescue.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

With all my heart ! Let us be gone this insta

COURTENAYE.

Fie, Duke, fie, fie ! Would you a friend's sport
I thought, that, by an intercourse with us,
You were with better principles imbued.

DUKE D'ORMOND (*aside*).

Confound *them*, and their *principles* ! I wish
I knew as little of the *first*, as once
I, of the *latter* knew ! I can no more
Endure this ! Gentlemen, hold me excused.
Elsewhere my presence is of urgent need.

DESPARD.

But see, six bottles yet remain unbroadched.



DUKE D'ORMOND.

You broach them! Wine ne'er comes to you amiss.

[*Exit.*]

COURTENAYE.

Why, now—do you call this being so much changed?

Was ever mortal more untractable

Than he? What think you of his mood to-night?

He's absolutely savage with the spleen:

Ombrageux as a moody Englishman!

DE VALVILLE.

This so far does surpass all that I've seen

Of his past humours, that it baffles quite

All probable surmise. Or he's in love,

Or vexed at heart by some untoward event.

By whom, do you know, was he called from hence

Some half hour since? I'll of our host enquire.

[*Rings. The master of the banquet-
ing-house enters.*]

DE VALVILLE.

That gentleman who now goes forth from hence,

Who was it sought for him some half hour past?

HOST.

He was a priest: a friar mendicant.

Le Charier he is called.

COURTENAYE (*aside*).

This solves at once
 The mystery! I will plot his ruin hence!
 He is dispatched to D'Ormond, as I've learned,
 On frequent embassies, by that lean foe
 To our good mother church, that hugenot,
 The canting Colville. 'Tis a shrewd discovery,
 And notably may work my purposes.

DE VALVILLE.

Who is this priest? This same Le Charier? Wh
 And what connection has he with Duke D'Ormond.

COURTENAYE.

'Tis a long tale! too long now to be told!
 He is the emissary of a man
 Who was, in former times, the confidant
 Of an adventure of the amorous kind,
 That D'Ormond had in La Vendée, or ere
 He came to Paris. He would fain persuade him
 Faithful to be to his affianced love;
 If so, he is a lost man to ourselves.
 But I have hitherto successfully
 His projects contravened; nay more, contrived
 All intercourse to interrupt between them.
 The which with overtures to recommence,
 Le Charier by his patron is dispatched
 To D'Ormond, as I think.

[*Ruminating.*]

This must not be!
his visit of Le Charier's is portentous!
Ormond, I track thy steps.

(To Doricourt and De Valville).

To you, good sirs,
resently return! Then let us pass,
least, some portion of the waning day
pastime meetest to refresh our spirits.

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

SECOND ACT.



SCENE THE FIRST.

*The House of Count Colville.*COUNT COLVILLE *and* LE CHARIER.

COUNT COLVILLE.

WHAT answer from Duke D'Ormond do you bring

LE CHARIER.

Oh, the old tale ! he will not hear reproof.
His passions are in arms ! 'Tis doubtless true,
That, of the Marchioness de Mielcour,
And him, which you have heard.

COUNT COLVILLE.

Would he not then
One moment listen to you ?

LE CHARIER.

Not one moment.

COUNT COLVILLE.

Would he not see me ?



LE CHARIER.

No.—When first I gave
Utterance to such a wish on your part, he
Writhed like a thing tormented.

COUNT COLVILLE.

Wretched man!—
What must be done for him? What I can, I will.
~~But~~ here the possible seems impotence!—
But tell me what you gathered from him?

LE CHARIER.

When
To him your apprehensions I expressed
Of the ill consequence of intercourse
With Courtenaye and his comrades, and when further,
As you had authorized, nay had enjoined,
I hinted at the rumour you had heard
Of an arrangement 'twixt the Marchioness
De Mielcour, and him, and then suggested
The cruel consequence to Julia Villeneuve
Of such an infidelity, he bit
His lips, frowned sternly, stamped upon the ground,
And quitting me abruptly, he pushed back
The door with all his might, so that the room
E'en shook ; and thus without allowing me
Time to expostulate, or his departure
Gracing with any courteous ceremony,
Finally disappeared. But I have now

H

Another charge of which t'acquit myself:
As I departed from the house, a servant
Asked me if I came not from you. The truth
Confessing, he informed me that a lady
Then in the house, had questioned him of you,
And wished to send to you a messenger.
Then added, shewing me a letter, which
He held, that she had begged him to take that
With many charges of discreet conveyance,
To your abode: he then went on to ask me,—
As being burthened with variety
Of hindrances, from doing this to-night;
If I would be the bearer of it.—See,—
Here is the letter, sir.—

COUNT COLVILLE.

To me, a letter!—
And from a lady! In an unknown hand!—
And yet methinks ere now I've seen that writing!
What may its contents be? Sorrow in me
Has made such ravages, in me, alas!
Is such a constant inmate, with her pale
Attendant apprehension, that I draw
Inference calamitous, from each event
That seems mysterious or extraordinary,
And not of every day's anticipation.
Well, I will open it, and put an end
To these perplexed conjectures!—

[Opens the letter.]

From Julia!—

From the affianced bride of the Duke D'Ormond!—
 She tells me here that she is come to Paris :
 And further my permission she entreats
 To have brief interview with me!

(To Le Charier.)

But did
 You not say you received this at the house
 Where D'Ormond meets with his licentious friends?
 In short within the very threshold, where
 You erewhile met him?

LE CHARIER.

Yes, it is so.

COUNT COLVILLE.

Ah!

Should they meet there. Well, if they do, I hope
 That Providence will turn the chance to good!—
 At all events I'll see her. Sit you down
 While briefly to her letter I reply.—

[He sits down, writes. Folds and seals a letter, and gives it to a servant with an order to deliver it to Julia Villeneuve.]

COUNT COLVILLE.

What can she have to say to me? What can
 I say to her? Oh that I could, or ere
 I quit my native land, Duke D'Ormond see

Released from his degenerate enthrallment?
To Julia reconciled!—And being one,
As I have reason to believe, who well
Deserves his love, e'en as he was or ere
By vice degraded, that he might again
Confer his love on her, and wedding her,
With peace, and virtue, form a lasting union!
I have myself from vice too deeply suffered,
Not e'en to shudder, when its strong allurements
Enthral a heart susceptible of good!—
I am not, Le Charier, the thing I seem!—

LE CHARIER.

So you have often told me; but I know not—
You're always so consistent with yourself,
Practice in you not only so makes good,
But so outstrips profession—I confess,
How to believe your self-disparagement.—

COUNT COLVILLE.

I am the thing I seem, and I am not!—
You know I leave my native land: with me
Time now is precious. Ere this lady come,—
Since other opportunities may fail,—
The few hours which I have to tarry here,
Are with so many more affairs o'ercharged,
Than I, with my enfeebled faculties,
Can well dispatch,—I will now shew to you
My inner self, if utterance meet be lent me.



I am the thing I seem, and I am not!—
Inasmuch as I am sincere I am;
And inasmuch I am not as the times
Discretion, place, person, and circumstance,
Or would not suffer, or not authorize
Me, to be unreservedly sincere.—
But if you knew the pang it cost me, when
I deviate the least from truth's plain path,
My aberrations you would deem the effect
Of circumstance, not offspring of my will.
I have a heavy burthen at my heart!—
Le Charier, divers are the characters
Of human beings! Are there not who seem
In early life for good predestinate
Who by some fatal swerving of the will
In perilous temptation, blast a prime
Of happy promise: trees are they, which bear,
Ought to bear delicious fruit, which nipped
By blighting east winds, sapless, withered, sered,
And unproductive, finally become
The leafless skeletons of what they were!—
From men like these all joyous impulse flies;
When they should act, they think, not having thought
In past times ere they acted! Instinct dies
In them, and scrutiny usurps its place.
They see through all the common forms of things!
They weigh; they speculate; they analyze!—
In actions, which, to other men, seem good,
And graceful, they, detecting but too well

The prevalent motive, nothing see to praise.
They are like automatic entities !
They, for a gush of tears, or throb of love,
Would hazard more than conqueror ever did,
And Cæsar's hardships, Alexander's toils,—
Give them the promise of sweet sympathy,—
To them like sports of childhood would appear.
I—I—am one of these !—

LE CHARIER.

You jest, Count Colville.

COUNT COLVILLE.

Ah, that I did ! the icy cold that weighs
Upon my heart, the tearless speculation
With which mine eyes see scenes even of anguish,
That make my blood creep in my veins, and all
My bodily functions seem to paralyze,
These symptoms, though invisible to others,
Cleaving with importunity to me,
Tell but too plainly, to the wretch who feels them,
Of a disorganized and shattered conscience.
It is by its inexorable pang,
Immitigable, inextinguishable,
Alone, that I retain a consciousness
Of conscience, and discover that I have one.—
As to all other joys, I am quite dead
To its approval ;— to its terrors, victim !—
I talk of virtue, but I feel it not !—

Talk of religion, but I cannot pray !—
And talk of loving, loveless, and unloved !
In youth, I-pious forms of speech acquired ;
In youth with virtuous men alone I lived ;
In youth I framed to virtue my demeanour ;
And though my speech, my feelings, and my deeds,
Still, like a parrot that can talk by rote,
Bear virtue's impress, her sweet peace of mind,
Her joys unspeakable, are gone for ever !—
I am called hugonot, called heretic !—
I am no hugonot, no heretic !—
But I am one who have too freely tasted
Fruit of the tree of knowledge, not to smile
At modern commutations,—called Religion,—
For sense of moral obligation,
And practice of the human hearted virtues.
Not but that I believe that heaven consents
Slight penance to accept for slight offences.
But when the sense of duty is thrown off,
None but slight minds at slight offences stop.
Offences these of superficial souls,
Which cannot or be great in vice or virtue.
There are some of etherial innocence :
And there are others of mixed temperament,
Who cannot or be great in vice or virtue.
But those whose virtues are pre-eminent,
Are they of perilous natures, who have borne
Faithfully a commingled communing,
With deep solicitings from froward passions.—

Woe be to those who have at once in them
Angel combined with devil, and through weakness
Have let the latter gain th' ascendancy.—

These, these know what it literally is,
When they have basely yielded to temptation,
To realize again the angel's fall.

Hell,—Heaven,—are within them: and the shows
Of outward things, as they are prone to yield
To ill, or firm as spirits militant

T'assist the better cause, reflect on them
Infernal horror, or celestial brightness!—

So, on the other hand, how bright at last,
Shines, like the fire of Vesta, the trimmed lamp,
Which,—though it have been cumbered with thick
fogs,

Or oft half quenched by surly visitings
From felon blasts, and noisome damps, and storms
Of rain, hail, sleet, and snow,—a good man tends
E'en to the hour of final dissolution
With vigilant unintermitted toil!—

Yet think not I complain! Though buffeted
By (sorest of misfortunes here below!)

The anguish of a lacerated conscience,
I yet can see, or think I see, e'en here,
In this untoward world, the ascendancy
Of truth o'er error; o'er the ill, of good;

A permanence in moral excellence;

A self-destructive mutability

In pain, and falsehood, and calamity;

And thence the promise of the final triumph
Of truth, of virtue, and of happiness!—

LE CHARIER.

Since earliest youth have I been visited
With manifold calamities! In none
Of these could I discern that man possessed
A more than instrumental agency!—
A mightier than myself has scourged me.
I have bowed down in silent passiveness,
Have learned humility : and 'mid all woes
Religion a sure comforter has been!—

COUNT COLVILLE.

When I consider the infinity,
The contrariety, complexity,
Of powers that bear upon this scene, not made
For mortal explanation, I am lost
In wonder at the order thence educed,—
Their skilful adaptation! With a good,
Is there an evil which teems not? Unfit
To assume another, and a better form,
In nature an abortion? We accuse
Men, institutions, as they were the cause
Of evil. But the bitterness with which
We make the accusation, proves to me
That its seat deeper lies—in our own hearts!

LE CHARIER.

Talk ever thus! Though I am one whose fate

Is spited by the world, I love the world,
And those my brethren who inhabit it.
It soothes me thus in human things to trace
A power educing good from imperfection.

COUNT COLVILLE.

So, my friend, is it! 'Tis the fortunate
Who chiefly at their destiny complain.
Who, for the most part suffer, if they be
Among those numbered, to whom 'all things work
Together for their good,' learn to endure
In silence: to 'rejoice with thankfulness'
When it is mitigated. " Then at once
" Their tongues are loosen'd, and their lips un-
closed.
" Somewhat of virtue, health, and happiness,
" Form the preponderant experience
" Of mortals; hence as contraries, and hence
" As of more rare occurrence of the two,
" Of instances to the reverse we talk,
" And he who has fewest of these contraries
" Talks with the loudest, and the bitterest tongue!
" 'Tis an exception which he cannot brook!
" We never hear men marvel when they're well!—
" Comment, as on a miracle, on joy!—
" As thing unheard of, celebrate success!—
" Or speak of safety as a prodigy!—
" From health allotted, for one grateful word;
" From joy imparted, for one warm thanksgiving;
" From friendship shewn, one tributary praise;

"How many rash ones from infirmity!
"How many peevish ones from wretchedness!
"How many pinings from ingratitude!
"And these, meanwhile, it might be clearly shewn,
"Are the exceptions to the general rule."—
Enough of this! Le Charier, let me now
Do that to which I've pledged myself already!
Yet not to you, as to a Confessor,
Do I myself disburthen! No, I deem,
God hates not, with an arbitrary hatred,
The vicious, but from contrariety
Of vice to his pure essence.—Change of heart,
Alone can be a grateful sacrifice
To Him, not mere confession, much less penance,
And all the juggling tricks by which the crafty,—
Making them the equivalents for virtue,—
Have sought, as one means of ascendancy,
To gain an influence o'er coward souls,
Enervate from the consciousness of guilt.
I therefore, as from friend to friend, and not
As to a priest—would all priests were like you,
Though staunch, and willing martyrdom t'endure
In the high cause of your religion, yet
Deeming diversity of forms no more
Than of man's levity, imperfectness,
His love of change, tenaciousness for shew
Rather than substance, necessary fruits:—
Therefore I sent to you, that, ere I leave
My native land for ever, as from friend

To bosom friend, I might to you impart—
 That which I never yet have done to any—
 The clue from whence to comprehend,—the spring—
 The master-key of,—my heart's mystery!—
 I am not what I seem! Le Charier, no!—
 Hear from my lips that which I really am!—
 The self-denying, exemplary, Colville,—
 The mortified ascetic Colville is—

LE CHARIER.

Stop! stop! for mercy's sake! Your countenance
 Is wild, and agitated! You are ill!—
 You know not that which you are saying.—

COUNT COLVILLE.

I

Know but too well! In order to destroy
 A fabric of foundationless repute,
 Which I have gained with you, and a few more,—
 For narrow is my circle of acquaintance—
 To you,—who judge of others by yourself,
 And cannot, without the reality,
 Of the appearance, dream, of rectitude,—
 I, this confession make. My heart will be
 Tormented less, when it has once to you
 Communicated its mysterious secret:
 Although it cost me pangs like those which wait
 Upon the hour when soul and body part;
 Yea, anguish indescribably intense,

broes of agonizing fearfulness !
riend, your Colville is—

(A Servant enters).

SERVANT.

A lady, sir,
n a chariot, at your door, who fain
speak with you.

COUNT COLVILLE.

This must be Julia Villeneuve.

(To Le Charier).

request you to retire now ? Soon
n this lady I'm released—at least
I lay me on my pillow—will I
st of my confession make to you.

LE CHARIER.

etire. May heaven bring healing to you !

*[As Le Charier withdraws on one side,
Julia Villeneuve enters on the other].*

SCENE THE SECOND.

COUNT COLVILLE *and* JULIA VILLENEUVE.

JULIA VILLENEUVE (*in deep mourning*).
Your name is Colville, sir?

COUNT COLVILLE.

It is.

JULIA.

I fain

Would beg, that you, on my abrupt intrusion,
Would put no harsh construction. I am driven
By stern necessity.—

COUNT COLVILLE.

(To the Servant, who still waits).

Place chairs, and then

Withdraw from hence.

(To Julia).

Madam, sit down I pray you.

And trust, that, whatsoe'er your purpose be,
I think myself indebted to the cause
Which brought so sweet a visitant.—

JULIA.

My name

Is Julia Villeneuve. I am not, I trust,

Mistaken, thinking you the gentleman
Who once was intimate with one near of kin:
Son to my mother's brother? The Duke D'Ormond?

COUNT COLVILLE.

Such honour once I boasted. But of him
What have you to relate?

JULIA.

That you're his friend
You do not disavow.

COUNT COLVILLE.

I fain would not.

JULIA.

Say, is he well? Tidings of any sort
Were welcomer to me than none at all.

COUNT COLVILLE (*aside*).

Poor girl! I greatly fear—

(*To Julia*).

I trust he's well.

JULIA.

I fain would trust the same. I came to you,—
Myself divesting of my sex's fears,
That to enquire, of which to be resolved,

Though disappointingly, to my worn spirits
Were better than to linger in surmise.

COUNT COLVILLE (*aside*).

Poor injured innocent! What shall I say?—

(*To Julia*).

Have you of late then not had tidings of him?

JULIA.

For the strange step which I have taken now
Better apology I cannot make,
Than by divulging to you, that, to which
It otherwise would pain me to give utterance.
An aged mother, aged and infirm,
To whom I had not only to supply
The place of child, but who, on earth, save me,
No other knew whose love she might command,
And the Duke D'Ormond, were to me, at once
The only objects of my youthful love.—
When they were joined they made my only world:
Disjoin'd, the absent only seemed o'th' two
The dearer, since the absent. Had it been
Either, that one had seemed for the time the dearest
And the remaining one been incomplete.—
She now is gone, of whom to talk so now,
Seems like profaneness!—May I speak to you?—
There is indulgence in your eye; and that
In you, which prompts to confidence!—I prate.—

But, sir, time presses! I am sore beset!—
 All the complexion of my future days,
 All that, for which, in long, unsleeping nights,
 I've prayed, and wept: all,—all,—is now at stake!
 She is no more! My mother is no more!
 Oh, may I tell it you? Pious she was,
 But she was what is deemed heretical.
 In times like these; though never outwardly
 She left the bosom of her mother church,
 Yet both by precept, and example, she
 Discountenanced persecution, of the which
 Religion—so to indulge malicious tempers—
 Rather than *cause*, was *pretext*. Such the Duke
 was. I

An orphan am sent hither, not by friends,—
 No,—no,—but by the hard ensnaring wiles
 Of those on whom, now,—friendless, parentless—
 The power devolves of governing my fate.
 To-day is my last day of liberty!
 A cloister's walls to-morrow will receive me
 In living sepulture! I hither came
 With one attendant, and in former times
 While I, in happier hour, the play-mate was
 Of D'Ormond, having learned, from seeing him
 Write letters to you, how to address you,—more,
 Having myself wrote letters to him, when
 He was your guest,—the place of your abode
 I knew, and ere the last sad fatal moment

For ever from the world has sever'd me,
I came to crave of you,—pardon the freedom.
Since I am ignorant of his abode,—
News of a kinsman and a once dear friend.

COUNT COLVILLE (*aside*).

**Poor friendless innocent! I pity thee!—
What can I say to comfort her?—**

JULIA.

**You seem
Disquieted! Pray tell me all,—all—all!
I can bear all! I think I can!—**

COUNT COLVILLE.

Will you
 Permit me, ere, to nearer interests,
 Our conversation turns, to step aside
 To speak to one who has it in his power
 More to confirm me in the replication
 To all your interrogatories ?

JULIA.

Sir!

Use ceremony not with me! Its rules
In coming here I've broken. Sufferance now
Is all I have to plead for, and perhaps
'Tis more than I should now anticipate.

COUNT COLVILLE.

Lady, this self disparagement, ill suits
Your character: though since it is sincere—
For insincerity could never speak
In tones like your's—strong in its weakness, 'tis
To me a theme for veneration!
I wish a second time to question one
Better informed than I, from whence I may
Learn that which either may confirm, or, as
I fain would rather hope, enable me
To dissipate, your apprehensive fears.

JULIA.

To you I'm much beholden!

COUNT COLVILLE.

He who could,
Beholding you, not wish to make you happy,
Must have indeed a heart of adamant.

[Exit.

JULIA (*alone*).

I'm not mistaken. My conjectures were
So favourable of Count Colville's goodness,
From sentiments which I beheld in letters,
In past times, written from him to Duke D'Ormond,
That I by this was,—and the confidence
He lived above the world's vain ceremonies,—

Urged, and emboldened such a step to take.
D'Ormond, canst thou have made thyself unworthy
Of a friend so excellent? I will not think it!
Yet when the Count I questioned of his friend
Why should he thus with hesitation answer?—
Ah D'Ormond, didst thou as myself remember
The lovely days we spent together, when
The year was in its prime, all change to thee
Were now, as 'tis to me, impossible!—
How did affection, and fidelity
Saint-like and pure, seem to inspire thy voice,
When walking in free converse, burst on us
'The beauties of a renovated world!—
The swelling buds, the animating warmth
That through all nature seemed to penetrate,
The song of birds, the clear blue atmosphere,
All told us of th' Eternal who walked forth
And through the very common forms of things
Breathed an immortal re-productiveness.

Re-enter COUNT (aside).

What can I say to her? Rather than speak
That which I must, I would announce his death.

JULIA (who had caught his last words).

“Death!” Did you say he is dead? Then I find
Am friendless and undone!

[Faints.]

COUNT COLVILLE.

Poor girl! Poor orphan!

If apprehension of her D'Ormond's death
Thus agitate her, at the thought I shudder
Of what must be th'effect of telling her
That of which now Le Charier has this instant
A second time to-night given me assurance.
Further enquiry but confirms, not weakens
Th' impression which his story made on me.

(To Julia, reviving).

No, lady, no, he is not dead! He lives!—

JULIA.

D'Ormond!

COUNT COLVILLE.

Poor girl! He is not dead! No, no—
Yet lives he.

(Aside).

But I rather would announce
His death to her, than his degraded state!—
Yet, noble, or so seemed it, was his nature!

JULIA *(catching his last words).*

Was noble, say you? And “so seemed it?” Oh,
You wrong his nature! Noble 'tis, and can
Never be aught save noble! Now I think on't,
He must have oft mentioned my name to you!
His kinswoman, his Julia Villeneuve, and

His aunt, her mother, could not but be known
To one so dear a friend as you are to him ?

COUNT COLVILLE (*aside*).

Oh, that I might that title challenge still !
I soon would bring him to this lady's side.

(*To Julia*).

His " dear friend ?" Yes, I was so, and am still !
That is, he's dear to me ! and I would fain
Believe that I am dear to him ; would fain
Still be a friend to him.—Yes, yes, you are
By me well known, and worthily esteemed.

JULIA.

Why then delay so, if you deem me worthy
Of such a trust, to give some palliative
At least, to my anxiety for him ?
I know him rash ; and these are perilous times,
Impassion'd too is he ; and Paris is
Full of temptations. All these things I know.
So deeply my inquietudes are seated
Sometimes they almost rise to agony !—
Perhaps you disapprove—

COUNT COLVILLE.

No, no, I cannot
Disapprove aught with so much innocence.
No, no—I cannot disapprove—I,—I,—
Rather compassionate—I would say respect,—

That is, I venerate—I would say,—I know
Not what to say.—

JULIA.

I cannot bear suspense
Like this!—Tell me at once if he be living.
Or—I mean is he well or ill?—Is he?—
You know what I would say! Your look perstades
me
You only know too well! Would he, good sir,
His cousin know again? his play-mate know
In days gone by, in former happier hours?
All I can bear to hear: I think I can:
I'm stronger than I seem: at doubt I tremble,
But, when I know the worst, I'm resolute!

COUNT COLVILLE.

Yes, he is living.

JULIA.

Ill?

COUNT COLVILLE.

No. Yes.—

JULIA.

Good sir,
Point out to me the place of his abode.

Perhaps e'en now he stands in need of solace?—
Who can so well as I, that long have known him,
Known him from infancy, with all his ways
Am well acquainted, to his wants supply
A nurse's place?—Oh agony!—Alas,
I rave!—I did forget that all this while,
No longer of my person, time, abode,
Am I the mistress!—

COUNT COLVILLE.

Lovely enthusiast!—

How shall I break it to her?—

(With great solemnity).

Julia!—

[Julia starts from her chair.]

Be seated, madam! Force yourself to calmness,
Or I can ill perform the painful task
I have before me! The Duke D'Ormond lives;
Far as I know he is in health, but—

JULIA.

Sir?—

COUNT COLVILLE.

The rest you must conjecture.—I can't tell it.—

JULIA.

He loves another? Is she worthy of him?—

COUNT COLVILLE (*aside*).

How, e'en i'th' midst of her emotions, are
Her first thoughts promptings of a generous nature!
This elevation in her sentiments
Gives my chained tongue the utterance it needs.

(*To Julia*).

To say the truth, he is no more the man
Whom you and I once knew.—

JULIA.

I scarce can think it!

Except my corporal senses vouch its truth.
This were indeed a heavy blow! have hours,
Hours, days, and sleepless nights, weeks, months,
and years,
Spent by me in unsolaced carefulness,
In prayers and tears for him brought nought but
this!—
It is a heavy blow! But may not you
Be misinformed?

COUNT COLVILLE.

Ah, madam, that I were!

Most freely, for it so to prove, would I
Surrender every claim to future credence!
But, 'twere to flatter you to think it possible.
For though with me he has declined all commerce,
By means of one of known veracity,—

And one, who, in his measure, fain would be,
As much as I, a friend to him, I gain
Tidings of him, not,—as you well may think—
To gratify a curious disposition;
But—for a moment should conviction smite him,
That I may be prepared to avail myself
Of such an interval, to extricate
Him from the snares in which he is involved.
To be explicit,—for I can perceive
I agitate you, and torment as much
By this *imperfect*, as I could divulging
With the most *perfect*, confidence, his state.
Your mind is by religion fortified
I trust. Here you will need to have recourse
To such support. Yet it is preferable
To know the extent of a calamity,
To being left to dark surmise—and here
I have, for this disclosure, double reason.—
To you I look now as the only means
Of bringing him again to duty's path.—
And that you may be able to apply
Wisely a remedy, you first must know
The extent, and nature of the malady.—

JULIA.

In such experiment were my life forfeit,
Were I successful, I should deem the price
As nothing !

COUNT COLVILLE.

I believe you most devoutly!—

Now to my tale—and listen, if you can,
With seeming calmness, or in vain shall I
Endeavour calmly to sustain my part.
With men of desperate character, Duke D'Ormond,
And desperate fortune, for some six months past,
Has closely leagued himself; or rather, they
But too successfully have spread their snare
To entangle him as their confederate.
They are aware how ample is his fortune;
I, from to-day's report, have gained fresh clue
Whereby to unravel his late purposes.
I have no doubt but that the self-abasement
He felt, when so ignobly he left you,
And your infirm and venerable mother,—
From the degrading influence of remorse
When paltered with, and not accompanied
By strict resolve to heed its prohibitions,—
Prepared his mind for the ascendancy
Of those pernicious schemes which have enthralled
him.

Although his irritable restless passions
Suffered him not to keep the post of duty,
But urged him to forsake you (to such minds
A good far distant is no good at all).
And as you had resolved so long as lived
Your mother, not to join to his your fate;
That other duties might not interfere

With a devout exclusive care for her;
So he was galled, and left you—as I gained
From his own lips—in an unlucky hour
Of moody passion: though, I say, the throes
Of a tempestuous, fiery temperament,
Urged him to this, they could not silence in him.
But rather they augmented,—inasmuch
As such a character is always gifted
With a proportion'd sensibility,—
The gnawings of remorse. This very fact,
Of failure in one point, prepar'd in him
The state which fitted him for more declension.
How oft do persons wanting self-control,
Transgress with open eyes, and agonized
With piercing consciousness of self-betrayal,
Not only *wrongly* act, but act *more wrongly*,
With fiercer eagerness, proportionate
To the intensity of their remorse!—
Hoping each new step of delinquency
May bring clear riddance to their consciousness,
And cast oblivion on those gone before.
His passions you well know—for those who know
Him well, like you, cannot have fail'd to mark it—
Are always on the very verge of frenzy.
With sensibility, and genius too
Richly endowed, his judgment hitherto
Hath not proportionably been matured.
This genius, and sensibility,
Give him imaginative power to frame

traiture most exquisite of virtue:
 ive him even rapturously to feel
 ice from what is fair, and good, and perfect;
 eeply in his heart to venerate
 vating qualities, all those
 are sublime and awful! Yet, alas!
 rant of strength of resolution
 etimes deviates from the standard fixed
 his mind of worth! Ah then, how keen—
 proportion to his keen perceptions,—
 emorse! How turbulent its throes!—
 ild its transports! Were he lost to virtue,
 r lost, her cause would be deprived
 , by nature fitted most to grace it.

JULIA.

you're worthy. Worthily you praise him.
 n he have a friend like you, and leave
 thful side, for the perfidious lure
 lating minions, parasites,
 at make traffic of a brother's weakness?

COUNT COLVILLE.

it seems. When first he hither came,
 sed my threshold once or twice. Of you
 ion'd him; and from his manner feared
 s not right with him. In former times,
 his letters, never were his words

So eloquent, as when you were his theme.
The subject now he waived; talked wildly; m
tered

Something 'bout wilfulness, propriety;
And measur'd coldness.—Just enough for me
To gather that his feelings were incensed
By some refusal on your part to plight
Your faith to his, so long as to your love
Your mother's life was spared. At last, by mean
Of one, a friar mendicant, by name
Le Charier, I gain'd intelligence
That he had leagued with desperate adventurers:
I wrote to him: begged him to come to me:
And somewhat perhaps inadvertently
Hinted at his delinquency. He deigned
Not a reply. Oft have I sought his house:—
Never is he to me accessible.
By letter oft have I addressed him: yet
Never has answer been returned: at last
One was sent back unopened. Thus, at length,
Closed ten years intercourse! From his fifteen
year

Had he been known to me. All that I since
Have learned of him, has, through the means be
gained

Of this Le Charier: who, this evening, called
At a famed house for banqueting, to which,
With his unworthy colleagues, frequently

He, as I am informed, resorts : and grieved
Am I to say, that all which I have learned
This evening, but confirms my former fears.—

JULIA.

Ah, God!—But, sir—may I the nature ask?—
You understand me?—

COUNT COLVILLE.

Yes, too well I do!—

As at my tale's commencement I affirmed,
He by a set of harpies is environed,
Whom, probably,—though he consort with them,—
He with ineffable contempt regards.—
Leader of these confederates in vice,
And profligate voluptuousness, is one,
Courtenaye by name, a man exactly fitted
To gain ascendancy o'er such a mind
As that of the Duke D'Ormond. You must be,
From native sense, instinctively aware,
Young though you be, and though your bosom hides,
In its clear region, no suspicious thoughts ;
That 'tis not so much as men act on others
That they gain influence, as that they be framed,
Iron-nerv'd, of impenetrable stuff,
So that no other men can act on them.—
Coldness e'en with fatuity, that walks
Unswerving in one line (when leagued with souls,
However gifted, that are self-betrayed

From too exceeding warmth, not counterbalanced
By an antagonist energy of judgment)
Will gain th' ascendancy, and rule e'en those
Of mettle framed for a more noble lot :
As we at least should think, did not, when brou
To the test of proof, th' anticipation vanish.
Thus Courtenaye inaccessible to all
The irresolute fluctuations of the Duke,
And with a character to comprehend,
Though not to emulate, his attributes,
Has, at the same time power to assume the sembl
Though spurious, of a fascinating fervour ;
And he discriminates enough to feel,
When their propensities are weighed, what most
At once ensnares, and captivates his victims.
He hides the most flagitious callousness
'Neath the exterior of warm-hearted frankness.
And seeming the mere shuttlecock of whim,
Caprice, and gaiety, or, when he chuses,
With most enthusiastic ardour fraught,
He is impenetrably cold, untouched
By conscientious yearnings : not one twinge
Of that conviction, which makes men relent
In their bad purposes,—howe'er he may
Scatter dismay, and ruin, and despair
Around him,—ever touched his heart of steel!
Well, well he knew that he could never rule
Duke D'Ormond's soul, 'till he had mastery gain
Of his master passion :—could discriminate

That this ascendancy he ne'er could gain
With his inferior talents and endowments,
'Till he, by leading him to do some deed
Abhorrent to his nature, that he felt
Degrading, made him with himself at war.
Love, lawless love—I rack your soul—and mine
Burns, as in torment, at the cruel tale,—
This was the passion, this the instrument
He chose, as best adapted to his end.—
As virtuous love would militate against him,
So thought he a licentious paramour,
Mainly if she abetted his designs,
And in his interest were, would rivet fast
His chains.—Most noble of the works of nature,
When blest with spirit of self-sacrifice,
At once a heroine, and tremulous
In sensitiveness, so as to know how
To bind man's wounds most efficaciously,
What canst thou not, oh woman, when sublime,
And tender thou in soul art, not perform !
To such a woman I commit Duke D'Ormond.
This is not flattery ! Though I now but first
Beheld you, much of you has been to me
Reported ; and your countenance tells a tale
To which the heart yields an implicit credence.
Save him ! oh, save him ! Something to my heart
Whispers to me that it is in your power ;
And may heaven's blessing help you to perform it
Without yourself being a sacrifice.
Oh, save him ! All my influence over him

Is at an end ! But let a full placed trust
In your own power, derived from trust in heaven,
Inspire you, with a blessing from above,
You yet may be a "lantern to his feet,"
"Light to his path !"

But to my narrative—

Duke D'Ormond has been introduced by Courtenaye
To th' Marchioness de Mielcour. Thus it seems
That fate decrees it of your sex to be
Glorious, or perilous prerogative,
To work redemption for him or perdition.
This lady is, as I am told, disposed,
With passionate devotion, to abet
The schemes of Courtenaye : while she has address
To transfer to your D'Ormond—for I still
Shall think him your's and call him so—the semblance
Of that devotion, she is doing this
But as auxiliar to her paramour.
But you have heard enough. Once more I go
To-morrow to his door. Will you go with me ?
Wherever you appoint, I'll call for you.—
I will, if he be there, make my way to him,
Even should his name be refused to me.
Once more from my lips shall he hear the truth !
And by the silent pleading of your presence
Accompanied, truth he cannot resist.

JULIA.

Should he refuse to see me ? Oh my god,
I almost tremble to anticipate

The possibility of such a slight
From one so dear to me ; to place myself
In circumstance which gives to him the power
So cruelly to shake me off, and wrong me!—
But I have but one day ! Decide for me!—
Oh, should he prove my saviour ! and while he
Generously snatches me from living death,
Oh, should the rapture of that thought become
Thrice rapturous, thinking that I also am
The humble instrument him to restore
To that nobility, that radiance
Of soul—if by himself not forfeited—
By birth-right, and inheritance, his own !—
Yes, could I be subservient to a means
Of benefit to him, e'en such a wrong
As that of being banish'd from his presence,
I calmly could confront ! I love too well !
I've loved too long ; and too much for himself
I love him, in my breast to harbour pride !
True love *fears* not, since it can never *feel*
Humiliation!—

COUNT COLVILLE.

He shall not refuse
To see you. I will summon him before you
As convict to the presence of his judge.

JULIA.

But I have nothing to reproach him with.

'Twas my tenacious firmness to abide
By that which I thought duty dictated,
That drove him from me. I am portionless!
The little cottage in the which I dwelt
With my infirm and venerable mother,
Forbade, from scantiness of room, a change
In our domestic habits, had her health
Permitted, which it did not, such a scheme.
The same infirmity, 'twas so extreme,
Alike forbade what oft Duke D'Ormond urged,
That, when united, we should to his aunt,
A mother then to him, propose to dwell,
Inmate in her hereditary home.
Not only, then, the circumstance that all
Her habits were conformed to long abode,
Even from early life, in this small dwelling;
Not only this forbade what else might seem
Means to augment her comfort, but still more
Such incapacity for personal change
Of place, was her's, that I could never bear
Even to hint to her of his proposal;
Lest from a generous wish, or ere she died
To see me in a safe protection placed,
She should insist on my conformity
To a change, in which I knew she could not share
And thus to her a sacrifice. Though blind,
She loved this little spot. A happy wife
There lived she with her lord. It was a home
In which an only brother, long since dead,

And I, were educated; 'twas to her
As the whole world! Its scanty garden plot,
The hum of bees hived there, which still she heard
On a warm summer's day, the scent of flowers,
The honey-suckle which trailed round its porch,
Its orchard, field, and trees, her universe!—
I knew she could not long be spared to me,
Her sufferings, when alleviated best,
Were most acute; and I could best perform
That sacred task. I wished to lengthen out,—
By consecrating to her every moment,—
Her being to myself! A life I prized,
Not as that only of a tender mother,
But as that of a character endowed
With every attribute to excite at once
Reverence and tenderness: and latterly
She seemed to me, so exemplary was
Her resignation, so sublime her patience,
Not only spite of insuppressive pangs,
But even more so seemed she from these pangs,
A saint! Though wasting in her bodily frame,
A spirit raised above mortality,
And by anticipating heaven on earth
Beatified below. Could I leave her?—
I might have seen her,—such was D'Ormond's plea—
Each day. But who her evening hours could cheer?
Her long and solitary evening hours?—
Talk her, or haply sing her, to her sleep?—

Read to her ? smooth her pillow ? Lastly make
Morning seem morning with a daughter's welcome
For morning's light ne'er visited her eyes !—
Well ! I refused to quit her ! D'Ormond grew
Absent, reserved, nay splenetic and petulant !
He left the Province, nor has he once sent
A kind enquiry so t'alleviate
His heavy absence.

COUNT COLVILLE.

You have done

✓ Your duty.—I will be with you to-morrow
At any time that you may choose to appoint:
When we will to Duke D'Ormond's house proceed.

JULIA.

At noon, if it so please you. Now, good sir,
Accept the only boon which I can offer,
The fervent incense of a grateful heart.
I now retire. Next to the trust I have
In heaven's mercy, and protecting care,
The consciousness that you will be my friend
Will most alleviate the cruel hours
Of worn anxiety, that, till to-morrow,
It will be mine to spend; and most support
My drooping spirits, till the moment come
For th' interview so wished for, and so feared.
Farewell! Believe me bound to you for ever,

COUNT COLVILLE.

My blessing on you! May th' almighty arm
Protect you; and his gracious spirit pour
A healing balm into your wounded breast.

END OF ACT THE SECOND.



THIRD ACT.

SCENE THE FIRST.

The Hotel of the Marchioness de Mielcour.

THE MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

THESE men, what fools do they become, when
once

We have enslaved them. Here I Courtenaye see,
And the Duke D'Ormond crawling at my feet!
Do I love Courtenaye? That I cannot tell.
Love the Duke D'Ormond? That's more puzzling
still!

I scarcely know, or what, or whom, I love!
I only know, that, for my life's enjoyment,
'Tis requisite that I indulge the love
Of power, and pleasure! Of my passions, first, ✓

The love of power is; second, that of pleasure!
Courtenaye loves me, but loves his interest more;
This gives a spirit to his intercourse,
And lends a piquancy to the attempt
To vanquish him. The certainty I feel
That I have yet to make myself the mistress,
Not of the outworks of his character
Alone, but also of its strong hold, gives
Charms, to my restless spirit, to his commerce,
Which I feel not in that of the Duke D'Ormond.
Courtenaye brings most amusement, and the Duke
Has not sufficiently a heart to give
To be the object of a serious passion.
As if he were to me the world in one
He is as jealous and exacting; yet
I see his spirit has its absences,
Its infidelities, and reveries
Of past-done things. Ought such an one to ask
The entire homage of a single heart?
Besides his commerce,—if one so may speak,—
Puts in one's hands no play. He does not make
Any resistance; and, absurd enough,
Unsympathizing, ask for sympathy.
He is all sentiment, and melancholy;
And say, what woman, if she had a spirit,
E'er lik'd a sentimental paramour.
What woman e'er, if she had spirit, liked
One that capitulates when first attacked?
Besides, I half despise him. This I know

That he another lady has forsaken,
With more of that which gives love warranty
Endowed, aye infinitely more, than that
'To which I can lay claim ! Am I not fallen ?
Fallen irrecoverably ? In my own esteem
I am : and self-blame sets the seal to that
Which constitutes essentially a fall.
What though I still have too much pride t'admit
A partner in the consciousness of this,
The worm that gnaws within me, and that preys
E'en on my very vitals,—till at last
It shall consume me,—forces on my soul
A dire conviction I may not evade.
One day it will consume me ! But as long
As I can hinder it, external mark,
Sigh, tear, complaint, or any other sign
Of inward heaviness, shall ne'er attest
Its ravages. When I am only fit
To be compassionated,—since I can,
Without self-loathing, ne'er be so,—let me
Be so placed that I *must* be, what I *should*
If otherwise it could be,—uncompassioned.
I never saw one that could pity nobly.
Those have I who could nobly have been pitied.
But suffering is the charter of the noble,
And he who has not its pernicious essence
Lodged in his breast, of bliss was never worthy.
But truce with all reflections ! In these veins
While the tumultuous pulse of passion throbs,

The high solicitings will I obey
 Of an impetuous temperament. Ye talk
 Of conquering worlds, tyrants of Macedon,
 And Rome! What are your proudest boasts
 pared

With those of even slighted woman? Our's
 Is the dominion o'er the human heart!
 The noblest empire this! The passions we—
 You sway—of that high creature man—alone
 The bodily functions! and not e'en these
 Till ye have first debased him to the brute,
 And robbed him of his noblest patrimony,—
 A patrimony imprescriptible
 To those who chuse to keep it—Liberty!
 More glorious an achievement in my thought
 Than subjugation of the universe,
 The subjugation of one human heart!

(Enter Courtenaye).

COURTENAYE.

You love me not, Maria.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Of all men

You have least reason to make this assertion.

COURTENAYE.

Duke D'Ormond? Aye, confess now, the
 D'Ormond?

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

? Would you first intreat me to allure him,
then reproach me for the scheme's success?—

COURTENAYE (*aside*).

Must I wear the mask of amorous dalliance;
is my purpose best; else would she not,
as her nature is) yield that to interest,
now she thinks she yields to love, for me.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Not to me thus, Courtenaye, think you not
induct towards him, of my love for you,
most convincing? Have I not consented
to do that which no other man
dare to ask me, and which by no other,
or no other, as I ne'er was asked,
less did I ever resolve, to do?—
your instrument have I not agreed,
to your purpose, more effectively
to be won?—

(*Aside*).

Let him, if he can, believe all this!
As to him, who, of his fellow beings
a convenient tool, if he should chance
at this, when with accomplice leagued
comprehensive both in scope of thought,
higher, and from wider range of feelings,
more resources from a richer nature;

With one more subtle and more circumspect.
 The greatest insult man to man can shew
 Is, in emergency, of him to make
 Slave of th' occasion! What must this then be
 When woman is by man insulted thus?—
 Woman defenceless by her nature? Hell
 A crime torments not fit to match with this!

COURTENAYE,

*(Who, during her soliloquy had been
 walking to and fro on the back part
 of the room, returning to the Mar-
 chioness.)*

Then you do not love D'Ormond?

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR *(aside)*.

Help me here,

Ye powers that wait on woman to dissemble.

(To Courtenaye).

Can you love one who at your very feet
 Crawls? Can you value him who values not
 Himself? When once a man into one's breast
 Has poured forth all the mysteries of his nature,
 He's like a casket of its jewels stripped.
 Then curiosity is consummate!—
 That fatal is. Ambition too is sated!—
 That is more fatal!—Lastly, all the stress
 Which both to passions nam'd, and nameless, brings
 Excitement, is no more; all energy

late, to interest, at an end !—
 more fatal still ! But at his door
 a deeper sin, not negative,
 tive : a sin it is, in man,
 can not to be forgiven ! He,
 f amusing, wants to be amused !—
 distress could endure to be obliged
 the burthen wholly on herself
 ve's purveyor ? He is consumed
 remorse. And, self-dissatisfied,
 rs thus estranged from natural joy,
 spontaneous cheerfulness, is doomed
 to sepulture ; repining, froward,
 ught with most fastidious selfishness !
 Circe, he to me repairs,
 by draughts of passion, may divide
 r intoxication, from his thoughts.—
 s Aspasia, now his Æsculapius ;
 reation,—or—his medicine chest !—
 ng may I rather be to him
stress of his heart ! Give me a man
 romantic, or is vain enough,
 he dream of love, to deem that he
 tes me, that mightily enhances
 r delight of subjugating him.

COURTENAYE.

a wondrous creature ! Born to prove
 ature can, in a munificent,

And frolic mood produce ; when satiate
Of treading in a customary path,
She would give evidence of original power.—
Like those who play at chess, you take us all
For men of wood, and move us to your purpose
As life were merely a fantastic game.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR (*aside*).
So be it.—It my purpose suits most well
That he should think so.

(*To Courtenaye*).
I allow you, Courtenaye,
At least a *castle's* privilege: for here
Am I by you immured.

COURTENAYE.
Immured ! I wish
Only that you should hold yourself select
For the Duke's visit for a little week.—
One little week is all ! But a truce now
With these superfluous episodes. I wish
Now to converse most seriously with you.
If you love me, now is the time to prove it.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.
If I love you ! Name but the proof which you
Require of me, and see if I do not,
To the least tittle, execute your wish.
But first, let me retire a little instant,

an order, till Duke D'Ormond come,
admission to no visitor.

[*Exit.*]

COURTENAYE (*alone*).

in his heir, being his father's nephew
mother's side, and that my name is Villeneuve,
she little does suspect, by me
she ne'er be told, till my schemes are
a disclosure ripe. For knowing this,
would then perceive how it imports
aggrandizement that D'Ormond falls,
I should at once see through my stratagems;
my actions every tendency,
being, of a circumventive nature
even to the ruin of Duke D'Ormond,
my weal dependent on his woe,
I should at once discern! Her noble nature
utterly revolt, if she knew all
my projects, and my means to make them
totally bear on the Duke D'Ormond's fate.

(*The Marchioness re-enters*).

COURTENAYE,

(*The Marchioness de Mielcour, both seated*).
past life, though you know not the whole,
now the greatest part. You know that I
wealthy once, am now a ruined man.

Chance has thrown D'Ormond in my way : he's rich
A little of his wealth would do me service.
Of him I cannot make a man of pleasure,
Much less a man of dissolute life. He must
Be, by his passions, not his senses, ruled,—
With inextinguishable appetite
For sympathy—in men of temperament
Like to his own, which is so often found,—
He is peculiarly endowed. Indeed,
No more, as I conjecture, could he live
Without some object,—or fantastical,
Or real,—for his heart,—no matter which,—
For both amount to the same thing with him,—
Than other men without the vital air,
Save through the fascination of your sex,
No hold have I on him. To fascinate him
Try ; and use all your powers to enslave him.
So shall his absent fair,—in some sort, who
Is still to him as an external conscience,
Be from his memory razed. Of this world's goods
He nothing heeds. The heart,—and that alone,—
And its fantastic joys or miseries
Constitute his sole universe.—Of walks
Which, during evenings of the summer past,
He with his mistress took, still will he rave
Of the warm breezes stealing from some bank,—
Where the pale primrose, and the violet grew,—
Choicest perfumes, and playing on their cheeks,
Or with the crisped tresses of his love.

Of her frank confidence bewitching him
 With its sincerity, and innocence !
 Of converse, though spontaneous, pure and calm
 As that, which, in the abodes of Paradise,
 Immortal spirits with each other hold.—
 From him eradicate, I do beseech you,
 All these pedantic rhapsodies. If you
 But have the *will*, you have the *power*, to do it.
 You can, with our sex, with your heaven of
 beauty,
 Do any thing, you *know* you can; this knowledge
 Gives you the liberty of spirit to do it.
 Root, root them out ! and make him your's ; and
 then
 He's mine for ever ! Then he is as much
 To my shrine brought, as any victim ever
 To the fantastic gods of Greece or Rome !

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR (*aside*).

Mean, despicable wretch ! He little thinks
 The effect his exhortations have on me !—
 To what fools, vanity, dost thou transform
 Men of some talents ! Till this moment never
 So loathed I Courtenaye, nor so well loved D'Or-
 mond !

But now to have the real sway, I must,
 In my turn, simulate ! What intercourse
 Is this ! To this we bring ourselves by vice !

*Comrades in guilt, however they commence
 With love most ardent, soon begin to fear
 Each other, then to hate, and finally
 Mutually to seek in secret to contrive
 The ruin of each other!

(*To Courtenaye*).

All shall be

Done as you counsel. Well you know I cannot
 Refuse you any thing.

[*A knock is heard.*]

COURTENAYE.

But D'Ormond comes.

Here is his picture, which to you I promised :
 Wear it, but not exposed : and, in exchange
 Give me my own : be quick. Retire, I pray you,
 I fain would here awhile converse with D'Ormond :
 And if of you he catch but one slight glance
 I scarcely shall arrest his absent thoughts.

[*The Marchioness de Mielcour goes
 out, darting towards Courtenaye
 unperceived by him, a look of
 most profound contempt.*]

• The love of wicked friends converts to fear,
 That fear to hate, and this brings one, or both,
 To worthy danger, and deserved death.

Shakespeare.

COURTENAYE (*alone*).

sed chance! Thus have I this night ventured all,
 hat I had to lose, and lost it all!
 : D'Ormond ne'er came as he promis'd. Well!
 it allow him, for a little time,
 el at liberty; like bird, with thread
 ble, of gossamery woof,
 ured, that, having yet not tried to fly
 id its tether, knows not 'tis a prisoner:
 will I pounce upon him, and transfer
 : rich acres to my now drained purse.
 s, although he know it not,—and though
 good care that others know it not,—
 t of kin, am of his wealth the heir,
 h, since i'th' female line, not of his title.
 re-thrust I must make! Things, many days,
 t remain, as now they are, and I
 ible in Paris. This same night
 oom, Duke D'Ormond, shall be consummated.
 ght shalt thou be in De Mielcour's arms
 adis'd; but to that paradise,—
 he happy dwellers in thy clime,
 en,—shall a lasting hell succeed.
 r will soon come! Soonest, best!—
 ed with it liberty come not!—
 ake care to rivet well his chains;
 ake him scoop out,—as with his own hands,—
 omless pit of everlasting woe.
 rame circumstances so,—from this

His passion for the Marchioness de Mielcour,—
That—with his turbulent impetuosity,
And exquisite conscience,—he shall so transgress
Against the laws of honour, as respects
His former love, that this alternative
Alone remains to him,—to die a victim;—
And then I quietly ascend his seat;—
Or,—from his conscience being in my power,—
And from that recklessness which deep remorse,
Especially in minds so sensitive
Produces—so to have his master-key—
Like that of instrument of music—touched,
That all his purposes I subjugate.

(Enter the Duke D'Ormond).

DUKE D'ORMOND.

What Courtenaye, are *you* here? It seems, me-
thinks,
These few days past, you haunt me, not unlike
One's shadow, both in constancy and gloom.

COURTENAYE *(aside)*.

Jcalous, by Jupiter! I did not think
That he was yet so far by passion master'd.
Here's a new tool with which to clench his fetters!
I will so little, and so much, as suits
My purpose, on this weakness work, to me
Delectably adapted! and that other—

The quick suspicion which cleaves evermore
To men of sensibility, and makes
Them exquisitely shrink from ridicule.

(To the Duke).

What, are you jealous, Duke?—

DUKE D'ORMOND.

No, no! Not jealous!

You well may claim certain prescriptive right
From intercourse previous to mine with her,
To commerce with the Marchioness de Mielcour:
But let me this gently insinuate,—
Not, since thus, that I am less absolute
That,—save on public opportunities,—
Your visits here will be,—to me at least—
Welcome proportionably as they are rare.

COURTENAYE,

(Aside, but loud enough for the Duke to hear).

How would he blame his passion, could he know
What fondness prompted her to say of him!

(To the Duke).

What—man of sentiment as you are—cannot
You comprehend that a fond heart which is
Wronged with reserves by the object of its love,—
If not entirely slighted, kept at distance,—
Will seek almost instinctively for one
To whom it may disburthen its repressed,
And unrequited sensibilities.

DUKE D'ORMOND (*aside*).

Oh, could I once believe 'twere so!

(*To Courtenaye*).

But how

Do you from hence infer necessity

For commerce 'twixt the Marchioness and you

COURTENAYE,

(*Aside, but still purposely loud enough for*

Duke to hear).

On his romantic generosity,

On his too exquisite refinement, I

Fear its effects, especially should not

The passion be reciprocal in him.—

A nature like to his should I tell him

Her love's excess, from its excess of honour

Might thence be irretrievably induced

Its freedom to surrender: and till I

Learn if her boundless passion be returned,

How can I risk disclosure of her secret?—

I am perplexed!

(*To the Duke, as if suddenly roused from
deep meditation*).

But how from hence, say you,

Do I infer necessity for commerce

'Twixt myself and the Marchioness? 'Tis we

Well acted, on my life! This infantine

Unconsciousness most marvellously fits

A person altogether so unskilled

As you, in arts to win the softer sex !
 Let not a swift involuntary smile
 Of incredulity, that will reveal
 My thoughts, by you be construed into rudeness.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

No more perplex me! What does all this mean?
 Of "exquisite refinement" on my part,
 "Romantic generosity?"—For I—
 Though sure you meant it not,—o'erheard your
 speech,
 And "boundless passion on the lady's?"

COURTENAYE.

How

Have I betray'd her, and myself! These walls
 Must be constructed like a whispering gallery!

DUKE D'ORMOND.

You agonize me! Be explicit. Once,—
 Once in your life, prove that you are my friend.

COURTENAYE,

*(Affecting not to hear the Duke, and to be in such
 a state of abstraction that he is insensible to
 the presence of any second person).*

hen her consummate delicacy. She
 as rumours of a prior preference heard.
 ould it not be ungenerous, base, to tell

Her secret, 'till the Duke had given proof
Of being weaned from all anterior ties?—
It would—it would! I must be cautious!—

DUKE D'ORMOND.

You
Will drive me mad! I cannot bear it more!
[*Drawing his sword.*
Am I to deem you as my friend, or rival?

COURTENAYE,

(*Affecting a loud laugh of surprise.*)
By Jove, most excellent! Rival indeed!
(*Aside.*)

I see I've stung his soul now to a pitch
Just fitting for my purpose.

(*To the Duke.*)

Rival indeed!

She *had* a moderate regard for me.
Too rational, too phlegmatic, it was
To flatter me. And *that* is over now,
All over! Cæsar-like you've crossed my path,
And, like him, you may say, I came, I saw,
I conquer'd.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Listen Courtenaye.—I cannot
Value the favours of the brightest dame
Till first I know that I possess her heart.

Idol I must be of, the universe
I must be to, the woman that *I* love!—
A wandering of the eye, a sentiment
Uttered in absent tone, a look, a gesture,
Vacant expression of the countenance,
Which made it questionable whether one—
A spirit paramount—and that the spirit
Of most idolatrous fondness—did pervade
Her entire being, would, to my repose,—
To my desires, be fatal. Think, then—think,—
What must my feelings be, in finding you,—
A man notorious for promiscuous intrigue,
And libertine adventure,—more than this,—
Although, to say it, I know, will but feed
Your vanity, now too exorbitant,
Yet still will I repeat it,—*you*, a man
Notorious for successful gallantry ;
What must my feelings be, I say, to find
Such an one closetted in secret converse
With *her* my heart is bursting to obtain ?

COURTENAYE.

But let me state a case. A fond heart feign—
And here you need not feign—o'erflowing with
Excess of tenderness ! Further suppose
The object on the which that heart is fixed
Itself, irresolute is, and dilatory ;
Mysteriously cautious in surrendering
Up its whole self to this devoted heart ?

Cruel surmises, anxious conflicts, must
Be the result of this, in her who thus
Feels,—with a circumspective guardedness,—
Wholly unmerited by her profound
Self-dedication,—herself wronged;—yet such
Her love, she rather weeps in solitude,
Than seeks on that wrong to recriminate.
Will such an one, in such predicament,
Occasion not most naturally seek,
Into the bosom of a long tried friend
Her sorrows to disburthen? Such has been
The character of this night's colloquy
Betwixt the Marchioness and me. She loves you,
Dotes on you; loves you to distraction, Duke!
Could you so cold, so unimpassioned be
As with contemptuous levity to treat her?
No, you could not! Have I not now well proved
Myself your friend? Do you suppose the task
I have imposed upon myself,—to that,
With which perhaps you've not without cause taxed
me,
My vanity,—is acceptable?—No!—
I'm galled; but I'm your friend! and friendship now
Unseals my lips, which honour else had closed.
But let me not suppose that I've betrayed
Her honour, in this proof of zeal for you.
A fear lest this might be the case, alone
Has kept that secret, which some four months past,
The Marchioness imparted first to me.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Now, Edward, now indeed you are my friend !
Older are you than I, and in the world,
And in its ways, more deeply have been trained.
Oh, could I trust that that which you have said
To me, were true ; were literally true,
I were the happiest man on earth ! But I
Am new to men and manners. Can I think
That,—from the many polished cavaliers
Who seek her favour,—she can turn aside
To one who's still in his noviciate ?—

COURTENAYE.

As proof of it, look at this picture here.
It is a likeness of myself I gave her
Just ere you came to Paris. She has this
Returned to me within the last half hour,
Assuring me that equally the depth,
And delicacy of her love for you,
Forbid her longer, free from self-reproach,
To have possession of a bauble, once
Given to her as pledge of my regard.
At the same moment, she has, from my hands,
Received a picture of yourself, which you,
As you may recollect, gave to my keeping
Some four months since, and which you now will
find
Tied round her neck. Discovering that I had it,
She, with an eagerness I scarce could brook,

For many weeks past has begged it of me:
Loth was I to agree to this exchange,
Implying such a mortifying preference;
At last, won by her importunities,
I promised it : and I this evening brought—
When you of me so needlessly were jealous—
That, on the one hand, which her love for you
Made her so highly prize, and took from her
Th' humiliating proof of her indifference.

(Aside).

If this to him seem not apochryphal,
I now may deem him my affianced dupe.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Ah Courtenaye, how can I express to you,
In worthy terms, my gratitude? How could I
De Mielcour misjudge thee thus?—

COURTENAYE *(aside)*.

Yes, with his proneness to become the victim
Of female fascination, and my power
To work upon his jealousy, from long
Previous intelligence with his fair mistress,—
E'en had I no more instruments than these
To set at work, I may, as I could wish,
Keep him at bay. —

(To the Duke).

But why waste we our time
Discoursing here? 'The Marchioness de Mielcour

Breathless with expectation, waits for you
In yon apartment.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Wherefore did you not
Intimate this to me an hour ago?—
You might have sav'd me from a world of anguish?

COURTENAYE (*aside*).

Whereby I've gained a world in expectation.

(*To the Duke*).

Why, look you, Duke, it is exorbitant
To quarrel with a half-hour of suspense,
If that be harbinger to ecstasy!—
Meantime, I own, I somewhat have exceeded
A gentleman usher's function. But reflect
While you are gaining, I had to resign;
And tell me now, have not I, with good grace,
Exchanged a higher, for a lower post?

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Adieu till midnight. Courtenaye you sup here?
You come then in no questionable shape.

[*Exit.*

COURTENAYE (*alone*).

Au revoir. This, to him, shall be a banquet
Fatal, though not so bloody, as that given

By Atreus to Thyestes. I will pledge him
Deep in Circean nectar. The last link
Of his chain shall be rivetted to-night.

(Enter Despard).

DESPARD.

Courtenaye, well met, of all men in the world,
You are the one whom most I wished to see.
I to your house have been; not finding you,
Hither was I directed thence. My heart
Bursts for relief till to your friendly ears,
I have divulged th' adventures of the day.
Oh Courtenaye, I think you'll scarce credit me,
When I repeat to you this evening's chance.
The pleasantest, at least the one most pregnant,
With various interest, that I ever met with.
You know I tracked a fair incognita
This evening from our bacchanalian orgies,
I pray you guess, though 'twill be to no purpose
Although you rack your brain from now 'till dooms-
day,
Guess, who this heroine turns out to be.

COURTENAYE.

Some demirep I'll warrant. None but those
Whose reputation nothing can repair
Would enter on an intrigue with a man

our dilapidated patrimony;
with not wit enough for one short hour
to play a part consistently.—

DESPARD.

You've missed
the mark, quite miss'd it. My fair paramour,
yet, plays an involuntary part.
Innocent, and pure, as driven snow;
as beautiful as an angel!—

COURTENAYE.

Angel! Tush!—
An angel and yourself could not exist
in the same hemisphere.

(Aside).

I must
with incredulity to get his secret;
then I must abatement make of half
at which he asserts; his vanity
leads him to fictions so extravagant.

(To Despard.)

"angel" forsooth! and "pure as driven snow."
all the devils in a female shape
the world e'er saw, with you contrasted, might
be such.

DESPARD.

But D'Ormond's mistress? What think you
of that fair incognita of La Vendée?

COURTENAYE (*aside*).

This is worth listening to.

(*To Despard*).

You are romancing?

DESPARD.

No.

The very lady—since he revered her
Too much her name to mention—about whom
We've been so often with conjectures puzzled,
She in my power is: and a prize more glorious
Never the blood warmed, or inspired the lays,
Of a Provençal cavalier or bard!—

COURTENAYE.

What is her name?

DESPARD.

Curse my o'ermaster'd spirit,
O'ermaster'd by her dignity of virtue,
I never thought to ask it: if I had
She would not have vouchsafed to answer me.

COURTENAYE.

Fool that you are! In the main point are you
Deficient! Here's a tale without a title!
How did you find her out? How learn her tale?
How bring her to your dwelling?

DESPARD.

If you please
One question at a time. You saw me leave
Your company in haste. I had espied
By light of lamps hung in the colonnade
Which flanks the house in which we banqueted,
A damsel, young, and lovely, and alone,
Enter a chariot. I contrived, by speed,
To keep it in my sight, until it stopped
At the Count Colville's door. Night favour'd me:
From questions, which, while skulking near her
chariot,

I heard her ask of him who drove her thither,
I not alone learned that she was a stranger,
But with entire simplicity, to me
The most accommodating, nothing knew
Of town-bred manners. I found out that she
Meant to return to th' house from whence she came.
The entrance of my own is not unlike
That of the one which she had quitted. I
Thus deemed it better not to intercept
Her going to Count Colville's house, because
While there she tarried I might hasten on
To my own door, which fortunately stands
Much about the same distance from Count Colville's
As the hotel from whence she first set forth.
Thus might she easily take one for t'other,
As she designed, as I before express'd
The latter to regain; thus set I forward

To my own house, not only with intent
My servants to prepare for her reception,
But also one to send to Colville's door,
To see my bidding to the charioteer,
Whom with a bribe I had already won,
To carry her to mine, exactly followed.
Every thing chanc'd according to my wish.
The darkness of the night, her ignorance
Of Paris, and the close resemblance 'twixt
The entrance of my dwelling, and the one
Belonging to the hotel she had quitted.—
Which, in my memory, was residence.
Of an ambassador,—prevented her,—
Till she had passed my threshold, and already
Was in my custody,—from fearing guile.—

COURTENAYE.

Have you ta'en 'special care your lady be
Well guarded in her lodging? Lock and key,
Have you peremptory command of these?—

DESPARD.

Trust me for that. A mouse could not escape
Without my sufferance.

COURTENAYE.

So far very well.
Am I to understand that I'm indebted
To vanity for your frank confidence,

Which with its plethora would burst, if it
 Did not relieve itself; or may you have
 Connected with the adventure of the night,
 Any commands to tax my service with?
 If so I'm your's.

(Aside).

My superintendence here
 Is indispensable.

DESPARD.

There, Courtenaye, you
 Have the right cause assigned for my disclosure.
 Though I doubt not but that this lady has
 From the Count heard Duke D'Ormond's faithless-
 ness,

Yet still she raves of him! It would be told
 By him, in such a dainty, choice selection
 Of circumlocutory ambages;—
 Besides she is so innocent, unsuspecting,
 Had it not been thus told, her breast so is
 Incapable of guessing to what height
 Vice is indulged, and with what shameless front
 It stalks forth, in this gay metropolis;
 That—these things being so—e'en her worst sus-
 picious

Would fall far short of the reality.
 You may be sure that at the moment I—
 By immolating expeditiously—
 Wished to secure my victim to myself.

Yet, curses on me, she apostrophized
My better feelings,—feelings, I knew not
That I possessed, till I had heard her speak,—
So irresistibly, that I was led
Not to enforce possession of her person,
Till (that I thus might alienate her heart
From its strong prepossession in his favour)
I, like a fool, had blabbed out the extent
Of the Duke's infidelity. This caused
A fit of swooning, from the which, ere I
Quitted her, she was but enough recovered
To be, supported by two persons, led
To a neighbouring chamber.

COURTENAYE.

Hear! a sudden thought,
E'en as you spoke, has struck me. At midnight
Have the Duke D'Ormond and the Marchioness
Invited me *en tiers* to a banquet.—
For the catastrophe devoutly wished
By me, i'faith, but I will prime him well!
And if I can fit coadjutors find,
Though it is somewhat perilous,—yet who
E'er heard of scheme that is to consummate,
And in few hours, a complicated plot,
That was not perilous proportionably
To its decisiveness?—Yes, yes! If I
Fit coadjutors can select, I will
Mould to my wish his destinies for ever.

e. To-night shall D'Ormond, and DeMielcour,
on their first nuptial couch ! No couch
of roses, but eternal thorns !
is night I've decreed that all my schemes
be consummated. So here this
imposed, but this last intelligence
arrival of his former love
restlessness redoubles : 'tis a portent
to a crisis all at once matures
my indefatigable toils.
on a long train of combustibles
is laid, if once the fated spark
click, what fierce explosion bursts at once
in the quiet vaults in which they lay.
as I had skill to do it, played
him with a simulated tale
of injuries towards the Marchioness,
illights, and coldness, she has felt from him.
like—like valetudinarian epicure
favours craves, and subtle essences,
to cultivate his appetite—must have
my pleasures, and voluptuous pastimes
dressed with metaphysic condiments.
and, indeed, if pleasure had enough
of its own excitement, for his taste,
not spiced—as we in costly banquets
eat at last most piquant relishes,
when most esteemed when most unnatural,
even anticipations of remorse !—

A certain casuistry, a daringness
 Of venturing somewhat on forbidden regions,
 A prying into nature's mysteries,
 The dark, th' indefinite, th' obscure, the doubtful,
 All these are indispensable to give
 Meet pungency to it, when the Duke D'Ormond
 Selects an object for his appetites.
 If he were cheaply so, he were not blessed
 E'en in paradisaical abode.—
 The staking his eternal interest
 In a nocturnal revel, wondrously
 Adds to its charms with him. Do you, to-morrow,
 Precisely at the hour of matins, bring
 Your nameless fair into his presence, while
 His passion yet is raised to the highest pitch,
 And as a loathsome weed he'll cast her off.

DESPARD.

You are my master-spirit.—I will be
 Governed by your direction.

COURTENAYE.

✓ If the blow
 Be once struck, it will surely "trammel up
 With its surcease, success." Let him cast off
 His mistress once: she then is wholly your's.
 For though he never told to me her name,
 I have heard him say she had no friend on earth
 Except an aged mother.

mark
17:4

DESPARD.

She is dead.—

To that her mourning garments bear a witness.
Also that which she said of being released
From house of sorrow, and a death-bed scene.

COURTENAYE.

She has then no protector but yourself,
And what your own deserts could not achieve
Necessity may work for you. How soon
Soe'er remorse Duke D'Ormond seize, no matter,
Be this point once obtained! The soonest, best!
Only take care, that, in this juncture, you
Co-operate firmly. If remorse seize *him*,
He is not one of your steel-fibred heroes,
Who boldly will confront its menaces,
And hold a parley with it. No: he must
Have stimulants; and what so probable,
In what is he so sure to be o'ermatched,—
If his soul from its centre be disturb'd,—
And he with my longer experience cope,—
As,—last resource, when disinherited,
Of those who thought themselves the sons of bliss—
The gaming table? 'Stablish him once there,
And our prosperity is past all doubt.

DESPARD.

I understand the drift of your contrivance;
It pleases me; and I address myself
To execute it promptly. Now farewell.

COURTENAYE.

Farewell! Remember, Despard, I now trust
To your discretion, and arbitrement
The master-spring, the potent spell, from whence
All the complexion of our future days,
Whether or prosperous or adverse fortune
Fall to our lot, exclusively depend.

[*Exit Despard.*]

COURTENAYE (*alone*).

I every moment now expect a summons
To inform me that my servants wait my pleasure
To attend me to the Marchioness de Mielcour's.
Now must the irrevocable blow be struck!
Within this very hour am I to meet
The Duke with his De Mielcour at my side
To second my endeavours. True, she knows
Nought of my projects. But no less is she—
Rather the more so—since unconscious—
Fit instrument to work my purposes.
Not knowing all my ends, and all my means
To work those ends, she may be influenced
Oft to co-operate, when otherwise—
If she knew all—difference of character
Might militate against my stratagems.
Thus seeming less to do so—since the end
Not seems—do I the more do that which *seems* not,
But *is*; and passes all mere semblances!—
To-night must union of the Duke with her

Consummate that of mine with prosperous fortune. *see Act*
Passion, which causes *others* to be *victims*,
And *conscience* which makes *one* of its possessor,
Unite in D'Ormond. One into itself
Too much absorbs all objects not to ask
A victim ! and too scrupulous the other
Respecting those same objects not to be,
Even, as 'tis the likeliest chance, if not
So by a self-retributory act,
By a fix'd fate, predestined to destruction.
Him have I doom'd to be t' himself a victim !
My thoughts are yet confused : but a dim notion
That he would spurn his former mistress from him
If she were introduced to him abruptly
While yet his soul is revelling in bliss
From new-born transports with the Marchioness.
And thence, by nice attention on my part
To the shades of—and opportunities
For working on—his irritable passions,
That he might so be made the instrument
(By spurning her from him whom most he cherished,
Most lov'd, and most devoutly revered)
Of her destruction ; and, from thence, of his :
By the fatalities which, in the train,
Lurk, of a wounded conscience ! All these thoughts,
Rush, like peace-murdering, sleep-destroying fiends,
In one impetuous torrent through my bosom.
But then—ah !—let me see ! He must not meet,
A second time, her that once is mistress

Both of his heart and conscience. Means must be
Discovered for removing her from hence,
After the interview, to my abode,
Or that of Despard! Yes, I see it all:—
“Hear it not Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell!”

SCENE THE SECOND.

An Apartment in the House of Despard.

(DESPARD leading in JULIA, from the vestibule,
or hall of the house, in which he had met
her, attempting to make her escape.)

DESPARD.

I THOUGHT I had completely frustrated
The possibility of such a meeting.

(To Julia).

Where in such haste, good madam?

JULIA.

Any where!

Any where, so that I may make escape
From this ill mansion.

DESPARD.

But should I bring
Good tidings?—I one promise asked from you

rt time since ; you gave it ; and your flight
pitate, induces me to think
are disposed to break it. I have so
oor encouragement to challenge you
other promise, on a strict compliance
all whose terms, and on whose strict fulfilment,
ie complexion, of the hopes which rule
future fate, exclusively depends.

JULIA.

mean you, sir?

DESPARD.

Did I not, some hour past,
ise to inform you of the present state
e Duke D'Ormond, having first expressed
u some other slight preliminaries,
i would promise that you would not seek
ape from my protection? Did you not
these terms agree?—How am I then
derstand this unannounced attempt
elopement from your room, to which
ght that you were reconciled, at least
is one night?

JULIA.

I reconciled!—If so,—
he reconciliation of despair.
/ what right do you assume the power

To interrogate me with authority?—
'Tis a poor boast to trample thus on one
Too weak for self-protection! who has not—
Or you would not presume to do it—one
To stand her friend! When I that promise made,
(Whence you infer such plausible pretence
To shackle me, and rivet so my chains
That I am thus your wretched thrall for life)
Had I not every reason to suppose
That the disclosure you would make to me
Of D'Ormond—if not satisfactory—
Would be, at least, definitive, and clear?—
Whereas, by that which you have utter'd you
Have raised in me such horrible surmise,
That I have now no hope, but in the hope
That your reports are not authentical!

DESPARD.

Be calm, be patient, madam! In my power
Now are you, and—

JULIA.

For this I can't be calm!—
You're like an executioner, who lifts
The griding axe above his victim's head,
And bids him—from th' unutterable depth
Of his perception of power paramount,
From the extreme of his despair—to smile!
Calm,—calm, indeed!

DESPARD,

*(Stupidly and doggedly going on ; and
from self-complacency not adverting to
the apostrophe of Julia).*

I hold the clue, by which
'Tis in your power t'unwind this labyrinth.
It now depends on me, whether or ere
To-morrow noon, or whether you no more
Behold the Duke.

JULIA *(aside)*.

E'en on the very verge
Of what a precipice do I seem tottering ?
All my life's hopes are turned to *casualties*.
When I look at him, the vile instrument
Seems incommensurate with such dread sway !

DESPARD.

You answer not !

JULIA.

Almighty God, is this
In human nature ? Calmly to behold—
Breathless with earnestness—a fellow creature
Enduring absolutely, as it were
Death-pangs t'obtain a good, which though it be
Fantastic, is the all of earthly bliss
To that heart-stricken one,—yea, every thing ?

Yet, like an angler, can a human being—
 Dallying with th'expectation of another,
 Torturing a writhing victim, which alas!
 He has inextricably snared already—
 Extract—from mere indulgence of his power
 To agonize—a calm, malicious joy.

DESPARD.

These are mere rhapsodies of powerless passion.

JULIA.

They're powerless, granted; not rhapsodical.
 For mercy's sake, not unrelentingly
 View pangs like mine! You calmly play a part:
 While on the issue of the present hour
 I am a bankrupt, or enriched for ever!—
 From house of mourning, from a death-bed scene
 I am but just released. But that was heaven—
 For there religion was—compared with this!—
 There pious trust was, there tranquillity!—
 E'en in my tears was there infused a balm!—
 But now my brain is dry; or if I weep,
 Like marble damps, my unrelieving tears
 Unreconciling seem, unreconciled,
 As are the pangs which wring them from their
 source!
 This, this is madness! I am unprepared,
 Unfit, for such a conflict.—

DESPARD.

Madam, think you
That what I have to say will lessen it?—
I fear 'twill not! At least, not if the Duke
Be its distinguish'd object.—Oh, that I
Had, in your favour, such an interest,
As to suffice to change your grief to joy!

JULIA.

You're practising on my credulity;
My ignorance of the world, and apprehensions!
Into compliance would you torture me
With that to which my lips can frame no utterance.

(In an altered and softened tone).

But I forget. Count Colville told me this.
He hinted to me.—Oh, it is too much.

[Sinks down in a chair.]

DESPARD.

There is no method but to tell her all.
If I do not, she ne'er will listen to me.

JULIA,

*(With an hysterical wildness, which Des-
pard, in his stupidity, mistakes for
rage).*

What art thou muttering there thou fiend of hell?

DESPARD.

*(Approaching her, and endeavouring to
throw his arms around her).*

If you will have recourse to violence,
I will give proof that I too can be violent.
Are you for open war? You, in this house,
Are quite defenceless! Here, I reign supreme!—
With a forbearing generosity,
Which you abuse, too long I have treated you.

JULIA.

You generous! you forbearing! I despise
Your mean unmanly threats! You may destroy me,
But till that's done my will shall master your's.
Oh, D'Ormond, could'st thou see thy Julia now!

DESPARD,

*(Wrapt up in himself and not condescend-
ing to heed her).*

Self-love is ruling principle of all,
Of good, and bad alike.—The difference this.—
Whose self-love is in sympathy with that
Of other men, are called the good:—the bad,
Wretches whose self-love is anomalous!
You think your bliss depends on D'Ormond; I
That mine on you. Thus are we crossed alike.
Which has most reason to upbraid the other?

You are averse from my love, he from your's,—
Or at least I, which comes to the same thing.
Yet for an interview 'twixt him and you
Willing am I to afford facilities,
But only on the terms, as, on your part,
Of certain condescensions, so on mine,
Of certain stipulations.

JULIA.

Sir, proceed.

DESPARD.

Now hear me, madam—that to which I will,
Without prevarication, pledge myself
To execute, provided, on your side,
You will an acquiescence promise me
In consequences I anticipate.

JULIA.

Name them, sir.

DESPARD.

I, to-morrow, promise you,
Unspotted as you are, to yield you up
To the Duke's arms, if you will likewise promise,
If he reject you, to return to mine.

N

JULIA,

(Aside, and deeply affected).

Oh God ! Is he so fallen ? Somewhat of him
This man must know ! Can he so fallen be
As with such caitiffs live in fellowship ?

DESPARD.

What say you, madam, to this compromise ?

JULIA *(aside)*.

Oh, could I now prevaricate ? My God,
What shall I do ? Do thou protect and guide
My inexperience'd youth ? Count Colville said
That he at noon would call at the Duke's door.
Did I not in the Duke find a protector,
Surely I should in his once valued friend !—
Could I but stipulate that I should be
At that hour taken to Duke D'Ormond's house ?—

DESPARD.

You seem absorbed in thought.—Pray answer me.

JULIA *(still aside)*.

Yet should I not be safe, at any rate,
If I were once admitted to his presence ?
There's comfort in that thought ! But should I be
The dupe of hypocritical pretences !

DESPARD.

you've had time enough to meditate
my proposition.

JULIA.

Yes—no—yes!—

shall I say? It is a fearful venture.
Will he take me to some lonely place
from the city! I'm perplexed.

(*To Despard.*)

What hour
will you appoint for th' interview?

DESPARD (*aside*).

What hour!—

How can I know if she's not her stratagems,
all as I my own.

(*To Julia*).

At what hour? What
the hour signify? Why, at the hour
which I shall chuse.—The matin bell shall be
signal for our going.

JULIA.

Better 'twere

on!

DESPARD.

My fair enchantress, no!

(Aside).

I' faith,

I 'gin to think she has her emissaries
 To do her bidding. Can she—no—have tamper'd
 With Madame D'Orville, or my pursuivants?
 That is impossible! But yet it looks
 Suspicious, thus to stipulate the time.
 However, 'tis enough, that hour should not
 Be, since 'tis her, my choice.

(To Julia).

No, at the hour
 Of matins; I thought you were all impatient
 To see Duke D'Ormond. What can work this change?
 If all impatient, why thus cruelly
 Defer the interview?—

JULIA *(aside).*

Hypocrisy,

How difficult to those to simulate
 Untaught by thee!

(To Despard).

Because, sir—why because—
 I wish,—I think,—the hour of matins sure
 Is too importunate for the modes of Paris.
 Because—sir—why because—I wish it so—
 Is it not early?

DESPARD *(aside).*

And I do not wish it,
 Because you wish it. Here is artifice.

Besides with one who is so dear to you,
As you affirm Duke D'Ormond is, to whom
You are so dear, vain ceremony 'tis
To make exception at an early hour.

JULIA (*aside*).

Should he have fixed upon that early hour,
Because with less chance of detection, he
May thus decoy me into further danger?
I fear—I greatly fear—his purposes.—
How wretched 'tis to be defenceless thus,
Defenceless utterly, and in the power
Of one who has the will to work your ruin!—

DESPARD.

Madam, attend! My last proposal hear!
At hour of matins, and no other hour,
Will I go with you to Duke D'Ormond's house.
If he receives you, I surrender you
To him, if not, you're mine.

JULIA (*aside*).

If he receives me!
What dreadful ambiguity is there,
What ominous mystery of fearful import,
Contain'd in these few words! The time has been
This were incredible! What can I do?—
I cannot yield to this. Perhaps 'twere best
To ask this man to give me till to-morrow

His project to consider.—Thus shall I
Gain time ; and something in my favour may
Occur 'twixt now and then. I shall but then
Be forced to do his bidding, not worse off
Than now I am. At all events, I ought
To avoid provoking him to violence.
I now am in his power. Utter refusal
Would only be a signal for fresh insult.

(*To Despard*).

I have one favour, sir, to ask of you.

DESPARD.

Well, what is it, my fair one ?—

JULIA.

Till to-morrow

Give me to think of your proposal. I
Beseech you, give me till its earliest dawn.

DESPARD (*aside*).

I'faith, her innocence as prolific seems
In stratagems as guilt! To-morrow's dawn ?—
Passion forbids it! It is hard!—But still
I may derive advantage to my schemes
From one more consultation yet with Courtenaye,
Or ere I fix them quite, except this siren,
Like to spell-muttering necromancer, have
Agents invisible to do her bidding.
A thought has struck me. I'll make Colville's name,

Spite of his will, subservient to my projects.
Courtenaye must be consulted.

(To Julia).

I consent.—

At sun-rise I receive to-morrow morn
Your answer, but

(Advancing to salute her)

You owe to me, at least,
Some courteous recompence for this forbearance.
To Madame D'Orville now! She must be well
Tutor'd to watch this stipulating fair one.

[Despard rings, and Julia is conducted into another apartment by Madame D'Orville, and a servant with her.]

DESPARD *(alone)*.

Yes, I will go to Courtenaye. 'Twixt us both,
We will contrive, as written by the Count,
A letter to my prisoner, urging her,
At hour of matins, to repair—with view
Of meeting him there—to Duke D'Ormond's house.
Surely by such a bait she will be caught.

[Exit Despard.]

END OF ACT THE THIRD.

FOURTH ACT.



SCENE THE FIRST.

An Apartment in the House of the Count.

COUNT COLVILLE and LE CHARIER.

COUNT COLVILLE,

THIS evening I was interrupted, ere
The dire confession, which I hold myself
Pledged to impart to you, could pass my lips.
But let me hasten—since I am resolved
That so it shall be—by a solemn use
Of the present time, to frustrate any chance
Of outward circumstance, in time to come,
Of power to hinder that which I've decreed—
A dreadful secret—to impart to you!—
Your friend,—your Colville,—is a murderer!

[*A long pause.*]

In youth I lov'd a lady, but of rank
Not equal to my own, and portionless.

Knowing 'twould be in vain to try to win
My father to consent ; rich though he was,
Poor he esteemed himself, so long as there
Was opportunity t' increase his wealth.
The softening influence of connubial love,
No more remained to him, no mediatrix
Betwixt him, and his progeny, to draw
Down on them, through the intercession fond
Of a wife's love, paternal charities.
Ere I was ten years old my mother died,
Having impatiently a year endured
That hope deferred which maketh the heart sick,
I married privately. For twelve short months
My bliss seemed perfect ; nor the less so seemed
From the restraint engendered by concealment ;
Rather it seemed this gave to my stolen hours
Of wedded intercourse, augmented zest.
For when that intercourse was interrupted
By indispensable concerns, the joy
Anticipation brought me, scarce seemed less
Than that of actual possession.
Such a deep interest did the fervour give
Of my affection, that it seemed as life
Was one perpetual dream of happiness.—
At the expiration of a year, my wife
Became a mother : though apparently
The dangers of that season she surmounted ;
Her health from that time failed ; a rapid wearing
Attended with all symptoms of decay,—

Daily and visibly more and more encroached
Upon her strength. Though when a stream of joy
Was gushing from our hearts, th' allotted stipend
E'en of a bachelor, had well sufficed
For all our needs: yet from these heavier claims
On it, our child's birth, and my Lucy's sickness,
From being, at first, spent in expectancy,
We found it, in a little time, fall short
To our debts due discharge. Th' anxiety
I had, that, with all possible solaces
For her distemper, Lucy should be furnished,
Heavily taxed my means.—At last, to tell
My father of my marriage, I resolved,
He lived in the country: I in Paris. He
Had all society renounc'd. This left
No channel open by the means of which
Report could reach him of my marriage ties.
He was inexorable. Lucy dying,
He banished me for ever from his house.
Lucy grew worse and worse. I, from the day
That made us man and wife, from Lucy hid
My means ill suited to an exhibition
Adapted to our rank. Love blessed us both.
And little time, and less of inclination,
Had we to think of aught but love and bliss.
Still more tenaciously had I concealed,
When first my wife's distemper shewed itself,
The truth, in order in her weakened state,
Better to reconcile her generous nature

To meet indulgences. How could I now,
Emaciate, and enfeebled, as she was,
Risk such communication? When not only
She had become much more unfit to bear it
Than in the first stage of her malady,
But also, when, from being involved more deeply,
Of far more threatening, and appalling import,
The story now must be?—Can I proceed?
Driven by excess of anguish and despair,
I joined a desperate band who met at night
Not far from Paris : and the troublous times
Favour'd such freebooters' impunity.—
O'er this part of my narrative, let me
Pass lightly ! Many deeds of violence
I took a part in, and to many more
Was witness, and much booty thence deriv'd.
One night, a band of cavaliers, as chance
Would have it, through a forest passed, not far
From our accustomed haunt:—we met,—dispers'd
them !

One fired at me. I fired again, and slew him.—
But, oh my God,—my friend,—what agonies
Think you were mine;—when I beheld—his hair
Stiffen'd with clotted blood, pale, cold, a corse!—
My father ! My companions had departed ;
I never, from that moment, saw them more !
Next day were tidings brought me by a courier,
Though without implication on myself,
Both of my father's death, and of the means

By which his life was forfeit. I too learned
That, ere the dire catastrophe had chanced,
He, though to no one he had this disclosed,
Had in his heart relented towards his son,
And dying left me, with the rank of count,
His ample patrimony. Thus was I,—
The murderer of my father, by that father,—
Endowed *by* means which negated at once
The blessing which such power had been to me,
With means to gratify that which had been
My heart's first wish since she who ruled it
 guished,
Th' ability not only to relieve,
But to anticipate, far wider range,
And a far more capricious catalogue,
Of wants, than my poor dying wife could feel.—
I, at the moment, had myself surrendered
To the arm of justice ! But for Lucy's sake,
And for my child's, to drag on a loath'd life,
Did I submit. How could I wring *her* heart,
For whom I would have died, with *mental* pangs,
In the last conflict of her bodily weakness?—
Yet when, with all the sweetness of an angel,
The dying Lucy thanked me for procuring
Palliatives to her from that very crime
Which had a father robbed of life, oh think
What must have been my shame and desolation !
Think of the dreadful contrariety,
As to one point converged, 'twixt all that seems

even and hell ! How through it did I live ?—
not ! Yet griefs are there so intense
s there are no outward shews to match them,
s respects the spectator, do bring
nent against their own betrayal :—
rs of their own impunity.—
gs which revelled, as it were, within me,
all exhibition, so they passed
ance by looks, and words, and gestures.
not of my father think !—Lest I
e detected, never did I feel
anxiety !—and perhaps this—
at the time I took no notice of it—
ed my detection. I had sold
to hell, from pliability
erament ; and reckless of the future
l suffered now to be borne on
and chance. She in my arms expired,
y, blessing me for all my care.
I still lived : this the sole hindrance was
id not, now, for the second time,
surrender to the arm of justice.
his life I obloquy should bring,
consented to drag on. My child,
cious being for whose sake alone
dured a life of speechless woe,
n from me in two years afterwards
pid malady. Thus was I left—
n I still—poor in the midst of wealth :

And with the means of mitigating wants,
 And woes of thousands, solitary, wretched.
 Endowed through influence of my patrimony,
 With power t' excite respect and gratitude;
 And hope in others, yet myself unhoping,
 Alone, and in despair, unloveable,
 Unloving, and unloved! If I have known
 For twenty years which have past since the last
 Of these calamities, one little hour,
 Abatement of my insuppressive pangs,
 I must attribute it to this, that heaven
 Has, in his mercy, not quite seered my heart :
 To this,—that,—though I have a crime committed
 Which never can be pardoned in this world,—
 The effect of this has rather been in me
 A deep humility, than, to confound
 By a sophistical philosophy,
 Or fatalism atheistical,
 Right and wrong deeds ;—by merging them in
 tives—

And extreme provocation,—to conceal
 Thus, from my consciousness the magnitude
 Of my delinquency !—God's name be blessed ;—
 From whom the *latter* as the *former* comes,
 I, with the *power*, have had the *will*, to assist
 The broken-hearted, and the indigent ;
 And to contribute to alleviate
 The sufferings of those in every rank
 Who needed such an advocate.

LE CHARIER.

Thus you
Have found employment. Thus has your life been
Applied with something like an object.

COUNT COLVILLE.

Yes.—

But long I've wished to quit my native land.
Not only *here* too many objects wake
Yearnings for—an impossibility!—
Me to become like other men; but here,
Do what I may, do they too potently
Remind me of the past, to allow the hope
I ever here can that composure gain,
To be possessed of which, in some degree
Is needful for me, would I dedicate
Myself effectively to other's interests.
To-morrow I at noon have an appointment
With Julia Villeneuve: as you recollect
Her coming here this evening broke the thread
Of my sad story. I have seen enough
Of her to feel assured she well deserves
The Duke her cousin even as he was
In better days; and that it must be she—
Hid as his brightness now is by a cloud—
That will—if any one can—bring him back
To the fair light of virtue and of peace.
Till this end be achieved, I, for myself,

No purpose have. In D'Ormond I behold
Not only possibility of all
That I, had I not fallen, might have been,—
But also of much more. With this I see
Like perilous propensity to fall:—
And, were this so, as he surpasses me
In a capacity for excellence,
So would he—and I shudder to think of it—
In that for crime, and consequent remorse.—
I wish that you would go to his abode
To-night, and learn if he have been there *seen*
Of late. But do not let my name transpire.
As, should he hear it, probably by change
Of residence, to-morrow he would frustrate
My resolution to converse with him.
And if he be not there; I pray you try
To learn, where he may, with most likelihood
Be found. I need not say discretion use
In this research. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

LE CHARIER (*alone*).

It pleases me
That he has given me this embassy.
It turns a train of thought too tragical!—
I do not know whether to marvel most
At the deep nature of his crime! or most

To pity the excess of his remorse ;
Or most to reverence the sublimity
Of his repentance and return to virtue.

SCENE THE SECOND.

*An Apartment in the House of the Marchioness
de Mielcour.*

COURTENAYE (*alone*).

*(The apartment supposed to exhibit the
appearance of preparations being
made for a banquet for the Duke
D'Ormond, Courtenaye, and the Mar-
chioness. The Duke and the Mar-
chioness are withdrawn.—A table
covered, with lamps, &c. &c. Writing
Implements before Courtenaye).*

COURTENAYE.

YES, yes ! I know that she'll consent to this.
This very evening shall she give her hand
To the Duke D'Ormond. But a meddling priest,
As was my first intent, when first this scheme
Rushed on my thoughts, must not be here admitted.
'Tis difficult in an enterprize like this,
So complex, in an instant to perceive

*as from Count Colville, to Julia,
by Despard.]*

Here comes D'Ormond.

(Enter the Duke D'Ormond).

COURTENAYE.

I am glad the Marchioness has left us here.

I wish to intercede for her. Conduct

Yourself towards her with generosity.—

Duke, your good fortune with this lady, has

Made me quite splenetic. I have beheld

De Mielcour like to please ere now: but she

Was still the vict^{ress}, and her lovers were

Her slaves. Now is the scene quite changed.

sighs,

And looks, and sighs again: and by the hour

Will she fantastically prate of you.—

Trust me, that, for two hours this evening I

Have, in being listener to her long encomiums

On your sublime perfections, penance paid

Which—from the test to which they put my pa-
tience,—

Would save me, were I convert to the *faith*,

From *fear*, of purgatorial discipline.

DUKE D'ORMOND. ~

Courtenaye, you jest.

COURTENAYE.

I jest in earnest then!—
Take my word for it, you self-torturing sceptic,
I jest on that which is no jest to me.—
I own I've no aversion to a good
Satyric, comic, and ironical
Analysis of my dear absent friends.—
I love to have them made ridiculous.
Would to the world all men were banished it,
Who cannot ridicule, or be ridiculous.
But how do you think this humorous phiz of mine
Could to a worshipful solemnity
Compose itself, while, for two mortal hours,
I was obliged to sit, and nod assent
To a dull catalogue of charms and graces?—

DUKE D'ORMOND.

This is too much!—I will not stay with you
Another moment.—If you e'en had told me
Of some sly scandal you and she had hatched,
I could have listen'd with more patience.

COURTENAYE (*aside*).

Tut!—

Of some sly scandal? It shall e'en be so!
I'll put his taste in bitters to the test.

(*To the Duke*).

You've hit the mark, Duke! She did, I must own,
Put in a little mixture of the acid.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

She did! Did she?

COURTENAYE.

You men of sentiment,
She said, yourselves conducted so by rule,
And such magnificent hard phrases mouthed,
You seemed more like those that the science *learned*,
Than those that were about to *seize* a fortress.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

She said so?—

COURTENAYE.

Yes. She said,—I mean not you,
But men of sentiment,—you take me?—made
Love as a minuet is danced at court,—
With wondrous grace, and measured gravity.
And that you ne'er forgot the *retenu*,
The imposing, and respectful ceremony,
Fit for a royal presence: but she added
Were we court gentlewomen in full dress,
They could not seem more literally to think
The farthingale, and tight laced stomacher,
The ruff, the sack, the inflexible brocade
Were integral constituents of our person.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Call you this listening to my eulogy?
By Jove, rather than be so eulogized,

I would she had exhausted utterly
All the vituperative eloquence
Of female malediction.

COURTENAYE.

Then your stores
Of rich imaginative sentiment !
Your rapid eloquence ; your exquisite,
And tremulous susceptibility !—
Ovid himself would turn with envy pale,
While you in metaphors luxuriate ;
Or periods round, which close developements
Of feelings, if not indescribable,
Which by no other had been e'er described.—
Desires immortal, occult sympathies ;
Congeniality of ravished souls !
Tender, and mystical presentiments,
And all the mysteries of the human heart !

DUKE D'ORMOND.

This is too much ! Perdition seize yourself,
And her, myself, and all the universe !—
You've said enough to give to any man
Such a self-loathing, as will cleave to him
To all eternity ! Since good old times
Of chivalry are past, and men have had
Recourse to argument instead of arms,
The spirit is evaporate, and lost,
Which gives all relish to society.—
“ Just in proportion as the weapon, we

" Now use, the tongue, is of less absolute

" Decision than the sword, so deeper wounds,

" And bitterer pangs, and fiercer feller hate,

" More acrimonious animosities,

" Does it excite, than the good honest one,

" Whose home-thrusts were a countercheck to malice.

" Men's hatred then, like the electric spark

" Along a bar of steel, passed swiftly off

" At the sword's point, and ended in the shock,

" And manly brunt, of noble chivalry.—

" Now is the hatred deep of seeming friends !

" While mutual foes honoured in former times,

" The mutual valour of each other's bearing !

" Then flourished all the courtesies of life ;

" Now hatred flourishes, and as it is

" To the body hurtless, so the nobler part,

" The soul,—it doth,—with most pestiferous humours,

" Which have no passage thence,—inoculate !

" Whence putrifying rottenness, and plagues,

" Faithlessness, treachery, manœuvring wiles,

" Base machinations, and night-gendered intrigues,

" Distemper'd noisomeness, and loathsome death !

" By this abandonment, what have we gained ?

" More of the sway of reason ? No ! What lost ?—

" All that fine tact which deems no wounds so deep

" As those which gestures, looks, and words can give.

" Saving our *bodies*, we have lost our *souls* !
 " And bought our *safety* at the price of *that*,
 " *Honour*,—which gives alone to safety *charms*.
 " Life in itself is little worth ! Worth nought
 " When in compare with reputation placed !—
 " Who is to take the measure of a question ?—
 " Where arbitrators, umpires, shall we find
 " Impeccable, and incorrupt enough,
 " If 'tis to be by its intrinsic claim,
 " And metaphysick evidence decided,
 " 'Stead of that good old argument, the sword ?—
 " The villain, or the fool, now gain the day
 " By ridicule, or bullying : or worse,—
 " By that which brings more scandalous abuse
 " Than, from the *droit du duel*, ever sprung,
 " Or e'er could spring, if it were practised more,
 " And prostituted more, than e'er it was
 " In any civilized community,
 " The art of intellectual *prize-fighting,
 " The age's talking gladiatorship !"
 The sword's test, if we grant it not the test
 Of that cause being righteous which unsheathed
 It from its scabbard, was, at least, the test
 That each who had recourse to it, could not be,
 While living, recreants from the point of honour.

* It is true that these phrases are of more modern date than is the period assigned to this play ; but in the breaking out of the reformation we may suppose the evil to have existed : and though we profess to write of things past, we do not profess to express these things in an obsolete language.

As, where this sentiment reigns paramount
Society can never worthless be,—
As, where it reigns, no man could sit, and hear,
Tamely, such argument for just offence
As I have heard from you;—and finally,—
Hence,—though I see around me on all sides
Defaulters from it—I hold this creed still;—
I therefore challenge you, by morrow's dawn,—
The choice of place, of weapons, and attendants,
Leaving to you—in mortal strife to meet me.

COURTENAYE (*aside*).

This most triumphantly crowns all my wishes !
I will not take him at his word to-night.—
But thus I'm furnished with a hint which gives
Me power, whenever I've the will to do't,
If I know not of any other means
Myself to disencumber of him. This
Gives me such power, since it has given me
Knowledge, that I have nought to do to obtain it,
But touch this point of honour's delicate edge
And straight—he's moved—like puppet is he moved
To my soliciting.—But I have now
Galled him enough ! This sedative must be
By double dose of stimulus countervailed,
Or by myself my scheme will be defeated.—
Should I accept this challenge, and he fall,
I am an outlaw, thence comes banishment,
And forfeiture of his inheritance.—

No, let him have his fighting mood indulged,
 But not till I've a proxy found, who may
 Be my cat's paw, while I the booty seize.

DUKE D'ORMOND,

(Who during this soliloquy had been walking backwards and forwards at the farther end of the apartment).

What? Do you add contempt of my just claim,
 To your contemptuous speech? Why answer not?

COURTENAYE,

(Stretching out his hand).

My friend, you but mistook me all this while.—
 Mere envy D'Ormond, take my word for it;
 Mere jealousy and envy! and as proof
 Of this, here is my hand! The hand of one,
 A whimsical, but a warm-hearted friend!—
 Mere jealousy! Why you would have me more,
 Or less, than man! I am so full of gall,
 Had I not let a little of it find
 A disemboguing at the tip o' my tongue,
 I swear that I had burst!

DUKE D'ORMOND.

For once be serious.—
 Thou see'st that I am so! Is't not enough,
 For thee to put to a perpetual jar
 My heart-strings in society? We may—

ly we may, when thus we are alone,
each other understand.

COURTENAYE.

I never was

More serious in my life! Nay, my excess
Of levity, was only self-love's dalliance,
So to hide superfluity of spleen.
 somehow, somehow, it must have found a vent!
I ask your pardon! From men blessed like you,
Forgiveness must anticipate repentance.
A man so fortunate that's not forgiving,
Would be a mere Thersites in ill luck.—
Nay, if I would not stake my life to come;
All future possible contingencies
Of joys invisible and visible,
To be thyself this blessed moment, brand
Thy friend for the remainder of his days,
As a poltroon and liar! But what must
We poor fools do, that are quite out of favour
With time, place, person, opportunity?—
“With time! I am older than you by ten years!—
“With place! I am an alien from my country!
“With person! Are you not preferred o'er me
“By judgment of our mutual paramour?—
“With opportunity! I staked my all,
“My little all to-night, and it is gone!—
“No! we must either put a good face on it,
“Or go hang, drown, poison, or shoot ourselves.

“ And ’faith, I think a merry vein ne’er stands
“ In such good stead, as when you are i’th’ mood,
“ To give yourself up, if you had it not,
“ To all the devils in Christendom.” But now
I’m “serious” as you call it. On my word,
Duke, she is dying for you. I said always
That you sly, sentimental cavaliers
Achieved more amorous trophies in one hour
Than we frank, merry-hearted, gallant fellows,
Whose souls sit quivering on our lips, can hope
To win in any twelvemonth. I cannot
In sober sadness talk about my heart,
A serious business make of amorous dalliance,
Or be impassion’d with an earnest look.
But, curse it, you that are all over heart,
Like animals in every part alive,
When some new freak of fashion you’re discussing,
More eloquence can put in such a theme,
Than such a thoughtless spark as I can do
In catalogue *raisonnée* of all mankind’s
Enslavers, e’en from royal Bathsheba,
Down to the present time. Why did not she,—
The Marchioness,—tell me, that one glance of your’s,
One subtle smile, playing, and quivering round
Your soul conveying lips,—nay one,—the least
Important, and impassion’d of your gestures,—
More meaning, in one moment, could convey,
Than other men, with their best utterance, could,
In whole course of their lives ?

DUKE D'ORMOND,
(Affecting not to hear him).

To-morrow night
 you go with me to the masquerade,
 he Duke D'Ypres?

COURTENAYE.

Yes:—no:—methinks,
 I give no more heed to the diversion,
 than you do to the question you are asking,
 and my reply to it,—when I am there,
 a female Pygmalion much shall need,
 to put a soul into my carcase.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Come,
 let us an end put to this foolery!—
 see that at cross-purposes we are.
 Therefore, *au revoir*. I will hence awhile.—
 My soul, though happy, still is sick with thought.
 I would go meditate, and try to bring
 this shapeless chaos of confused feeling
 to some discipline that may be borne.

[*Exit.*

COURTENAYE *(alone)*.

What Despard now were here! I have no doubt,
 seeing how much he's caught by his fair prize,

That he will with alacrity consent
A project to promote which so much tends
To throw his unprotected fugitive
Entirely in his power. 'Tis nigh the hour
That he appointed to receive from me
This letter. Though time presses, till I've seen
Despard, I will not drop most distant hint
To D'Ormond of this marriage. He besides
Is so irresolute, and seems to shrink
So much from any step that stamps a deed
With an irrevocable character,
'Twere better that the ceremony trod
Close on the heels of its proposal to him.—
De Mielcour will be with him here ere long ;
I'll leave them then together ; and meanwhile
Will Despard see. Then will I pounce on him,
When his soul's melted by excess of love ;
And if in this mood I should cope with him,
And all be ready for the marriage rite,
Surely he will not feel so churlishly
As not to thank me that I thus have catered,
At least as it shall seem to him, to take
All scandal from his coming happiness.
I'll school De Mielcour to say nought of this
To D'Ormond : and besides a woman's pride
Would rather that the project be proposed
By any lips than her's. But should they ever
Discover this my treachery ? Then, methinks,
Will they not make the tie legitimate ?—

Ah, long ere this,—for projects like to mine,
Or soon succeed, or have an early death,—
He shall be soul and body mine, if still,
Which much I doubt whether he will, he breathe
The vital air !

How luckily, in the very nick
Of time, here comes the Marchioness.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Is not the Duke here? Courtenaye, where is he?
My porter tells me that he just has passed
The outer court. Whither at such an hour?—

COURTENAYE.

He told me that he went to meditate.

(Aside).

Ah! this is as it should be! 'Twill be well
To ply her with this marriage, while her heart,
Like a young girl's fond of a truant bird,
Feels doubtful whether her precarious,
Volatile favourite be safely caged.

(To the Marchioness).

So Marchioness, while you devote yourself,
A willing victim, to a woman's fondness,
Have I been pondering on the likeliest means,
To render this your love,—for sure I am,
Though you confess it not to me, that love
For D'Ormond in your heart has subtly crept,—
To render this your love a source to you

Of lasting happiness : though I, alas !
Thus throw away all hope of earthly joy.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Explain yourself. What is this riddle ? say.—

COURTENAYE.

Love you not D'Ormond ?

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR (*aside*).

What shall I say ? To *him*

If I speak truth, so little he believes
That it is ever spoken, and so seldom
Speaks he the truth himself,—never perhaps
Except to serve in purposes of fraud,—
That he'll not credit me.—

(*To Courtenaye*).

Why ask you this ?—

COURTENAYE.

Because I wish to serve you.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Me ! To serve ?—

I thought in this scheme I was to serve you. .

COURTENAYE.

Now hear me. If, as I have shrewdly guessed,
D'Ormond has gained an interest in your heart,
Why,—why not marry him ?—

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Are you sincere?

COURTENAYE.

As far as I would be your friend, I am.—

As far as I would be my own, I am not.

This tie which I magnanimously proffer,

From my care for your honour, is to me,

And to my comfort, fatal. But methinks,

'Tis for your interest, and I lay aside,

When that I contemplate, all selfish thoughts

Of my own happiness.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

But why this marriage?

COURTENAYE.

Nothing will fix Duke D'Ormond but a tie

From which he can't escape. It wearies me

To see him in irresolution waste

His noble powers. You might do much with him.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

'Twas but this day, this very day, you asked

My aid, to make him to yourself subservient.

"A little of his wealth would do me service:"

Said you not this? What has thus changed you?

COURTENAYE.

He,
Himself. I have been talking with him now!
And find him so devoutly fond of you,
No more can I resist, when I behold
How serious, and how absolute his love
For you, to serve him, and yourself: and sure
I am, no service in the world of mine,
Can equal that which I am rendering him
In pleading with you to become his wife.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Should I consent, would D'Ormond?—

COURTENAYE.

Would he? Aye!—
Would he consent to be in Paradise?—
Would he consent, having a foretaste had
Of joys of heaven, lasting to render them?

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Have you no drift in this beyond the sphere
Of my perceptions?

COURTENAYE.

Hear me, on my knees,
My eyes suffused with tears; (my beating heart—
See how it throbs—with such a fever maddens

contradictory and ardent wishes
at the mighty sacrifice I make,
the disinterested ecstasy
which he has inspired me, that I can
by my thoughts articulate) : hear me then,—
I can bear the tremendous conflict,
I dare my utterance, from the unutterable
passions that are mine, confess to you
the process of this change. Love has done all,
O my love! I have conversed with D'Ormond;
and I live, he so has melted me
in the description of his love for you,
I start up from 'neath his influence,
I regenerate. His ardent passion,
the warm phrases in the which he's clothed it,
I wrought on all my nature to a change.
I throw myself in dust and ashes,
I atone my past degeneracy. So poor,
I am, so abject, worldly projects seem,
in the indigence in which they starve
I let them batten, or to me so seems it,
I have quaffed, though from another's cup,
this rich beverage of delicious passion,
I am on fire to prove that I'm not quite
unworthy to be loved, by serving one
whom I first have heard, warm from the lips,
whom I first have seen, bright from the eyes,
whose cheeks mantling, moulding every gesture
inimitable suasive grace,

From whom I've caught first, living from the heart,
 Love's language, spirit, and beatitude.
 Since I cannot be your's, for I am now
 A man of fortunes wrecked, and 'twould be cruel,
 E'en were you willing, as I am not vain
 Enough to think you are, to ask of you
 To join your fate to mine: since I must now
 Your love forswear, and yet am all on fire
 With love's vast power, seeing its force in him,
 Since I, in short, cannot his votary be,
 I am resolved his victim to become.—
 You must have D'Ormond. I have found a priest,
 Who, this night, will unite you.

No,—no scruples.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR (*aside*).

Can this be true? If love can work such change,
 Seen in another, in his selfish heart,
 What must its triumph be, when, like a gem
 Of rarest value, in a casket rich
 As that of D'Ormond's bosom, 'tis enshrined?—

[*The Servant of Courtenaye enters and
 announces Despard.*]

COURTENAYE (*aside*).

She must not see him.

(*To the Servant*).

Bid him wait.

(To the Marchioness).

This man
comes with a message from a reverend friar
whom I've sent a quest.—

*[A Servant of the Marchioness enters and
announces the return of the Duke
D'Ormond.]*

COURTENAYE.

The Duke's returned,
e you dear Madam leave us here awhile,
emissary of the friar and me.

(Aside).

Duke's return now is most opportune,
ie must not see Despard.

*[Courtenaye here whispers to the Servant
to bring Despard to the apartment
where he now is, after the Mar-
chioness has left it, by a different
passage from the one through which
the Duke had passed. The Mar-
chioness desires the same servant,
when Courtenaye has finished speak-
ing to him, to shew the Duke into
the Salle de Compagnie, with the
assurance that she will join him im-
mediately].*

COURTENAYE (*to the Marchioness*).

But first tell me,
Will you, if here the priest come, give consent
To join your hand with D'Ormond?

He, I know,
Wishes this consummation fervently.
He begged of me to break it thus to you.
But he'll not mention it himself, till I
Have told him, whether, as ambassador
For him, in this affair, I've prosperous been.
Time presses.—Answer me, I pray you. When
I, with this man have spoken, I'll to D'Ormond
With your reply. How do I pity him
E'en for this brief suspense!—

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Till you see D'Ormond
This subject shall not pass my lips.

COURTENAYE.

And he,
I know has not the heart to speak to you,
Till he from me receive your answer.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Well.—
Perhaps this suit if made by D'Ormond's lips
Might gain from me a favourable hearing.

[*Exit.*

(Enter Despard).

DESPARD.

Here have I sought you, Courtenaye, that you may
Play off the scheme which we betwixt ourselves
Have with such pains matured. But what have you
Been doing at De Mielcour's this last hour?

COURTENAYE.

I've laid a train: and now I only want
Fit instrument to touch and play it off,
And then the whole is gained. But let us first
Read o'er this letter which I've penned for you.

DESPARD.

Show me the letter. You say that you can
Perfectly imitate Count Colville's writing?

COURTENAYE.

Perfectly. I so many times have seen
Letters addressed by him to D'Ormond. Here,—
You see I have already penned it.—

[Giving a letter to Despard, who reads.]

DESPARD *(reading)*.

"Madam."

COURTENAYE.

I

Was'forced in this way to begin; for I
Know not the lady's name.

DESPARD.

How then

Have you addressed the letter ?

COURTENAYE.

Not at all.—

But thank my wit for finding out a cause,
And one of likeliest seeming, to assign
For that omission. Here,—i'th' postscript. Read
it.

DESPARD (*reading the postscript*).

“ I have sent this letter without a superscription,
as I thought it best that your name should not be
known to the people of the house in which you are,
thus will your honour the better be guarded. I have
given such orders for its delivery as cannot fail to en-
sure it.”

COURTENAYE.

Now read the letter.

DESPARD (*reading*).

“ I have discovered the place to which you have
been carried. I called at your hotel an hour after
you had quitted me, in order to pass a part of the
evening with you ; and to my great consternation
found that you were not returned thither : having
some knowledge that a party of gentlemen, of whom
the Duke D'Ormond forms one, frequents that house,

I enquired whether he or any of his comrades had been there about the time that you were ; I found that they had ; and that one of them disappeared just at the time that you got into the chariot which brought you to my house ; I know his name, and will tell it you when we meet."

COURTENAYE (*to Despard*).

You see that I have kept your secret there.

DESPARD (*reading*).

"I went to his house ; and discovered through one of his servants, that you are there, but could not gain admission to you ; I further discovered through the same servant, that it is his wish that you should meet the Duke D'Ormond to-morrow at the hour of matins. Comply with this wish, by all means. Depend on my meeting you also, and trust that all yet will end well."

"COLVILLE."

DESPARD.

Excellent ! Now to hinder all surmise,
Seal this : and be it given to the lady
As though a special messenger from Colville
Had brought it to her. So will I affect
Ignorance of such transaction. But do you
Think she will have credulity enough
To trust to this?—

DESPARD.

You will meet me at the hour
Of matins, at the Marchioness de Mielcour's?

COURTENAYE.

Precisely at that hour. Wait here till you
Receive the lady's answer. Meanwhile listen.—
Despard, I have to name a project to you.
Will you assist me? I this evening wish
To make De Mielcour D'Ormond's seeming bride.
But this must not by a legitimate tie
Be now accomplished. Heirs might then arise.
And I, to 'scape one evil, thus might rush
Into another far more terrible!—
For I have reasons of my own for wishing
Him to be childless; at least, as respects
Lawful inheritors of his vast wealth.—
Will you the priest's part play? Could you succeed
To modulate your voice, and drawlingly
To mouth out, with monotonous nasal twang,
The formal homily, your cowl and gown,—
Especially as all this plot will be
Transacted by the mimic light of tapers,—
Sufficiently your person would disguise.

DESPARD.

Trust me for this. I have e'en for the nonce
A cowl and gown, in which some weeks ago
Accoutred, I made shift to shrive a fair,

And willing votary : in the solemn whine,
 And formal antics of hypocrisy,
 I am, believe me, though 'tis I that say it,
 A most consummate adept.

COURTENAYE.

This I knew

Ere thus I spake to you ; and this my knowledge
 Emboldened me to speak thus. I erewhile
 Worked on De Mielcour so persuasively,
 Yet with such shew of seeming sacrifice
 Of my dear love for her ; I have so feigned
 That tender interest for her honour has,
 Spite of my own despair, urged me to this,
 That she at last has yielded. Further too
 I have persuaded her that thus the *secret
 May, of our own love, by this seeming tie
 Be better guarded : though methought at this,
 A faint, yet bitter and incredulous smile,
 Played on her beauteous lips. But to the Duke
 Nothing of this will she say. From my lips,—
 And at the critical moment, when most warm
 He from her converse comes : (for there's the rub,—
 Lest he should recreant prove) *then* to his ear
 Will I this hint impart. Meanwhile, it is
 Resolved by me that she shall still impute,

* The reader is not to suppose that Courtenaye really said this to the Marchioness, but to ascribe the assumption of this pretension on her to his own vanity.

That same decision to the which I'll goad him,
To his intense idolatry for her.

DESPARD.

All shall be done as you desire.—

COURTENAYE.

I would

Converse awhile with D'Ormond. Meanwhile you
Yourself disguise. Procure a missal. Come.
In the first place I'll leave the pair together.—
Get you the ring.—Hither return :—and when
I know that all things are in readiness,
And not till then, I will by one bold stroke,—
E'en as 'tis said, that, by some serpent's eye,
The victim, which, by instinct taught, it seeks,
Is fascinated,—by its abrupt ostent,
And subtle choice of opportunity,
Throw, ere he be aware, around his feet,
Though seeming now a wreath of blooming myrtle,
Frail, and most easy to unravel, yet
Inextricably, a still galling chain.

DESPARD.

I see your scheme : and am at your command.

*[The Servant of Courtenaye enters with
a note directed to Count Colville.]*

is one motive dictating the letter,—
I her name out.—

DESPARD.

We in time shall know it.

COURTENAYE.

It should be.—Be here again
at night close. When you are come, send
a word
to my own page, who is in waiting here.—
I am I, and invisible to both
the Duc, and the Duke, till you return:
I may not have opportunity
irresolute, I will not seek
protection to him, till, by your return,
I have the signal.—Now,—dispatch ;—away !

DESPARD.

How light we're fortunate ;—we men of intrigue :
as Caesar we may say, we came, we saw,
conquered : for behold in few brief hours,
two plots are hatched, arranged, matured !

*[As they are separating, Despard returns
and recalls Courtenaye, who is just
passing the threshold on the oppo-
site side of the apartment.]*

DESPARD.

But, Courtenaye, should this plot of our's be known
The Duke is powerful : 'twill be no slight rub—

COURTENAYE.

The times are troublous, and impunity
Attends far heavier crimes : but I am full,
Brim full of projects ; and I scarce can doubt
That, ere reflection to Duke D'Ormond come,
I shall have so unravelled his life's web,
That I again may wind it at my will,
Or draw it out to its extremity.
E'en as the child's breath, or the playful winds,
Dally capriciously with thistles' beard,
The seeded dandelion, or a tuft
Of flax with filaments scarce visible,
Or as least gust doth quench a dying flame,
Will I annihilate its last least remnants.
Risk we this chance. Greatly would we obtain,
We greatly too must hazard. Can we be
Worse off than we are now ? Here is a chance
May better us ; for if I win, as sure
I hope to win some of his ample stores,
You shall be also sharer in the spoil.—

DESPARD.

Farewell ! On this condition I am your's.

[Exit.

COURTENAYE (*alone*).

Poor, easy fool! These semi-men,—these men
Part knave, part coward, coward the better half,—
Hold but their lives in fee, as ready tools
To cater with their souls emasculate
For spirits who can sway them, and they ought
To think themselves by such a sufferance honoured.
[*Exit.*

SCENE THE THIRD.

A Salle de Compagnie in the Hotel of the Marchioness de Mielcour.

The DUKE D'ORMOND and the MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

So you return at length! Cruel to me
Was the last hour's suspense.

DUKE D'ORMOND, (*aside*).

How beautiful
he is! Oh, may I only find her mind
as lovely as her form, then am I blessed!

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Or I, in my opinion, am deceived,

Or I may feel assured to acquire in you,—

What is to me a novelty in life,—

In you may hope to find a friend!

DUKE D'ORMOND.

A friend?

Nay more!—A lover!—An adorer! I

Am your's! and you may mould me to your will.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR,

(Making room for the Duke on a sofa).

Let us be seated. Sit down here.—I have

Much now to say to you!

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Oh! that I could

Forget that there were in the world, save you

And me, a creature else. I would, to-night

With dreams of everlasting happiness

Fain flattered be! For I should cease to live

With one more shock, one severing of the heart.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Duke, I suspect, were your wish gratified,

That soon, with such exclusive intercourse,

You would be palled.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

You, Marchioness,

Yet know me not ! The burthen of existence
Is a fatigue to me. I could endure
To live with poverty, with obloquy,
With sickness;—but bereft of sympathy
I cannot drag on life ! A second self
I want ! The eternal craving of the heart,
Which many have described, and few have felt,
An inextinguishable passion is
In me. Maria, love me.—Tell me that
I make you happy. In the quivering glance
Of your frank eye, one moment suffer me
To recognize the maddening fire that burns
Within the very centre of my soul,
And D'Ormond thinks himself supremely blessed.
I am no man of gallantry. I am
Of female conquests no monopolist.
But who would condescend to owe to me
Her happiness, she, she will find there lives
A vernal season of ne'er-failing love
'Neath my unprepossessing gravity.—
And that the more she condescends to trust
To its perennial freshness, more and more
'Twill be exuberant e'en to th' utmost verge
To which in it she may place confidence.
My cold demeanour more is the result
Of a superfluous fervour, which congeals,
And stagnates,—forming thus an icy crust

Over my heart, from never meeting with
Fitting excitement for its exercise,—
Than from a scant defectiveness of nature.
Though in the midst of worldly happiness,
I am half heart broken! One more shock,
One more disruption of my sympathies,
And that illusion utterly is gone,
Failing in which, our most voluptuous passions,
Behold, from those things which should call them
forth,
All their bloom fled: their beauty, freshness gone,
And nothing seem they but the lifeless forms,
Appalling skeletons, of what they were.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

I can but half conceive your meaning! While
You thus address me, you impress me more
With the conviction that you have sustained
Wrongs, real or fancied, from some absent object,
Rather than that a pleasure you receive
From any present one. Confess, at least,
There is in this your style of making love
Originality; and besides this,
At least, no flattery.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

The happy flatter,
And only they! And they alone are happy
Who are themselves by *things* or persons flattered.

For there are flatteries in *things* as well
As individuals. The best that I
Can offer, is by my loquaciousness,
And egotism, to afford you proof
Of perfect confidence : and who confides
E'en grief,—while he confides, his grief is lost.
Grief that can be confiding is not grief !
The real grief is voiceless, and as with it
Dies all that vanity which loves to dwell
On themes of self ; so also, with the *hope*,
Dies all the *power*, of waking sympathy.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

You're the first lover, I e'er heard of, Duke,
Who chose a metaphysical *tirade*
T'amuse a lady's private audience.
This seems to me an ominous beginning :
And what imports it to the present hour.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Not much indeed ! But to retort, I may
Say, you're the first, I ever met with, lady,
To whom a metaphysical *tirade*
Would not appear misplaced : I cannot tell
Whether or not confession like to this
Will flatter you. But is it not to say
In higher sense, converse with *one* is sweet,
Proving that in society with her
The deepest workings of a lonely mind

✓
Feel a spontaneous soliciting
To unused utterance, than 'twould be to seek
To amuse her ears with vapid flatteries
Of beauty and of grace, whose very speech,
While they her person adulate, imply
Misprision of her soul?

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Well :—very well !

I see you men must flatter our frail sex,
And perhaps then the most insidiously,
When you the most ingeniously disdain
All flattery.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

I love you lady ! Love you to distraction !—
But certain questionings will vex my heart
Of th' influence which Courtenaye has o'er you.
And then my withered, and checked impulses,
Run into wild discourse. For happiness—
With me it is so—is a quiet thing !—
But these my words are shapings of a soul
Which dallies with its woe ; and throws it off
In phrases strange and wild ; like flowers unplucked
Will, ere they quite die, to the fresh breeze give
Their sere leaves, and uncultivated blooms.
I cannot love you as bequest of Courtenaye.
I am exacting. If I am to love
Intensely, I must be intensely loved :

And not intensely loved, intensely love,
I care not to be loved, or love, at all !
The art has Courtenaye of inflicting pain,
Yet his foil aiming with such subtle skill
That all its strokes are, e'en when most they wound,
Unrecognizable, invisible,
And unrecordable !

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR (*aside*).

With such a view
Of Courtenaye's character, and 'tis methinks,
Not a mistaken one, what semblance is there
That he should chuse him as ambassador,
To woo me as his bride ?

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Could I suppose,
E'en for an instant, that you were in league
With Courtenaye, I *enough* should not esteem
Our separation, though we severed were
Far as from pole to pole.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR (*aside*).

Unlikelier still
That he should Courtenaye chuse as emissary.
Perhaps 'tis jealousy. Love never was
Where jealousy was not.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

But such a thought
I will not entertain! You could not give me
A smile Maria—such a smile as that—
If I were warranted in such suspicion.
I will not think it! I will think you love me!—
And though I have not sacrificed one life—
Though I could wish to sacrifice a thousand
For you—I will believe that you are mine
As much as though the point that made you so,
Of honour, had been tried in th' only way,
'Twixt Courtenaye and myself, in which such ques-
tions—
At least in my opinion,—can be
Decided satisfactorily.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR (*aside*).

Strange!

This is very strange! The test will be
If Courtenaye have or have not falsely played,
When he and D'Ormond once have met. Till then
I will be silent. I have given my word
For this, and will not break it. This may be
To prove the temper of my soul towards him
Ere he my hand demand. He cannot know
That Courtenaye yet has urged me on this point:
If I believed he did, and thought he played

A simulated part, my woman's pride
Ne'er could such insult pardon.—

(*To the Duke*).

D'Ormond, you
Are a strange creature!—You appoint a meeting
With a fair lady; first you read to her
A long, emphatic, speculative thesis,
Stuffed full of metaphysic terms, and now
The *droit du duel* is the theme you chuse!
“Was ever woman in this humour wooed?—
“Was ever woman in this humour won?—”
At least this is original in the art
Of making love. Such recipe gives Ovid
To his disciples.—It appears to me
As if your self-tormenting soul's perverseness
Could only be allayed, or gain possession
Of me on terms accordant to your taste,
Could you have rescued me, as valorous knights
Are said to have done, in tales of chivalry,
Fair damsel, in enchanted fortress bound?
Had you won me by proof of hardihood,
By dint of sword, by levelling with the ground
Castle or barbican; by scaling walls,
Binding discourteous paynim ravisher,
Dishorsing mailed soldan with your lance,
And by encountering all the prodigies,
“Hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly
breach,”

Adventures, hardships, and strange accidents,
We read of in romantic rhapsodies.—
Thus, ere you bind the myrtle round your brow,
Acquiring laurels in the field of Mars.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

This in one sense is true. I might compare
Myself to Sampson i'th' Philistine's gripe.—
Unspeakable, immitigable, is
The unreconciled disgust of my whole being
At the manœuvring, crooked policy,
The machiavelian stratagems of Courtenaye.
Yet to distraction I love you! and I
Should hold myself the happiest of men
Had not he been the means of making me
Acquainted with you;—but by doing that—
Which, when I contemplate your wondrous charms,
I scarcely can, without supposing him
Or more or less than man, think that he did
Without some private reservation—
The very greatness of the benefit,
The spirit of self-sacrifice it asks,
So little seem they of his temperament
Spontaneous growths, their very glory feeds
The whirl and tempest of suspicious thought.
I know he's lax in principle; how then
When that which might that of the stoutest shake,
Is placed within his reach, can I believe

he, with generosity unheard of,
 an unparalleled devotedness
 e, can that surrender?—

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Think you then

I am fallen so low, so very low,
 like transferrable property, I am
 re commodity at other's will?

DUKE D'ORMOND.

ve me, madam, if, e'en for an instant,
 ords could such interpretation bear.
 ik of *him*, not *you*!—Such dark surmise—
 gh most ingenious in self-torturing
 —ne'er yet presumed to glance at you :
 ive in brightness unapproachable
 ooding and distempered jealousies;
 nasmuch as of their spurious birth
 brightness may be parent, just so much
 fall off from you in their consequences,
 pours which the sun draws from the earth,
 o that earth again condensed in showers,
 here, except to eyes which are beneath them,
 at a moment's shade upon its glory.
 re that sun, these fogs and mists of passion,
 h you have raised in me, attaint you not,
 but accite to their tribunal dim,

The prejudiced, the earthy qualities
Of your idolaters.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Ingeniously,

Yes, most ingeniously have you, Duke, found
A clue by which to extricate yourself
From your perplexity. I never knew
Before—but I suppose 'tis love that gives it—
That you with such address were gifted.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Hear me.—

When contemplating you my thoughts appear
Suspensions rather than realities,
Which, to the soul sick with excess of bliss,
And insufficient to endure its transports,
Suggest that its powers are not infinite ;
And that there must be somewhat to remind
Us of the imperfection of our nature
E'en in the very ecstasy of joy.—
In short, Maria, when I look on you,
These fancies seem the questionings alone
To the soul incident, when ushered first
To bliss, beneath the which its nature totters,
From having to its deep intensity
Been unaccustomed. May they not be likened,
As to recriminations, and revenges,

our mortality and finiteness,
 en our immortal energies assert
 air right to *grasp* at, having found *means* of,
 nortal happiness.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR (*aside*).

Oh, how I am
 worthy to awaken the affections
 a nature like to this. The time *has* been—
 t, ah, that time is past redemption gone.

(*To the Duke*).

by self-questioning *you* are perplexed,
 at must I be? We—both of us—
 t you in far less measure than myself—
 ve somewhat to remind us we are mortal,
 d thence imperfect. Yet may not the thought
 at each the other's feeling comprehends,
 ch sympathizes with the imperfections
 d all the sufferings thence entailed on each;—
 rticipation of imperfectness
 unaccompanied by vanity—
 a nearer union lead, than when two minds
 ously aloof each from the other stand
 e fortresses impregnable, both wrapped
 self-complacency? Especially
 y not this be the case, where suffering
 on the part of the beloved one,
 t in proportion to delinquency,
 it rather wholly is the bitter fruit

Of an excessive sensibility,
Which gives, in such a case, a pow
To that delinquency, which, in no
Without that tremulous sensibility
It could possess.

DUKE D'ORMOND
Oh, Marchioness,
My better angel! In this cordial
May all my splenetic, repining tho
For ever be forgotten.

MARCHIONESS DE MIEI
How ca
Better to-night withdraw myself fr
Than by a fervent joining in this wi

[E

[*Enter Courtenaye, unse
by the door oppos
which the March
drawn, and who is
been waiting for h*

COURTENAYE *(aside)*
Now will I take him in the melting r
Nor will I gradually, but with abrupt
Promptness, will hurry him, ere he

thought, into this snare I've laid for him.

(To the Duke).

A proposal now to make to you.—

Marchioness de Mielcour and yourself

ne'er be happy till you both are joined

as indissoluble; you and she,—

noble-minded Mielcour! I am so

inced of this, and further so convinced

by affording you facilities

this close union, I best proved to you

faithful love, further was so convinced

you, with your procrastinating spirit,—

your—what shall I call it?—dalliance with

elute purposes, arising from

melancholy mood of mind, from griefs,

ch, though to me you never have divulged them,

at the less, am sure prey on your heart:—

of their nature too I've a shrewd guess.—

DUKE D'ORMOND.

He! To the point. Why all these ambages?—

My tale ever may be plainly told.—

Don't touch a tender part! What is your drift?—

COURTENAYE.

Then,—that, for the reasons I've expressed,

others not expressed,—and, hark ye, with

Marchioness' consent,—she knows it all;—

There a priest procured, who waits hard by,

E'en in the anti-chamber, to perform,
 Betwixt De Mielcour and yourself, the rite
 Of holy matrimony! But hark! she thinks,
 That this request originates in you.—
 I ventured on this stratagem to save
 A woman's blushes. Therefore, pray you, see
 Not to betray the innocent artifice
 To which I was led by deep interest in
 The welfare of you both.—

*[The Duke walks backwards and forwards
 as in deep thought. While he do
 this, Courtenaye thus soliloquizes*

'Tis true the Marchioness knows this :—and let
 Him think that it with her originates.
 I brought the *priest*, and still the *will* in me
 To her consent was *father*. What of this?—
 If he suppose it had from her its birth
 'Twill bind him faster to consummate it.
 He cannot be so recreant a gallant
 As when a lady (as he thinks she's done)
 Provides him with an instrument on purpose
 To join her hands with his, as to refuse
 To accomplish that, which she, with complaisance
 So flattering to his vanity, has planned.

DUKE D'ORMOND (*returning*).

It shall be as you wish. Call the priest in.

COURTENAYE.

He's now conferring with the Marchioness.

(Aside).

The blow must now be struck, or all is lost.

No time for conference shall they have. For, D'Ormond,

Thy soul's the very nursery of doubt.

She may have scruples too.

(To the Duke).

The priest is here.

Come let us join him.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Well.—It shall be so.

[Excunt.]

END OF ACT THE FOURTH.

FIFTH ACT.



SCENE THE FIRST.

Discovering the Duke D'Ormond asleep on a sofa, the Marchioness de Mielcour seated near him with a harp, on which she plays a short air.

(The Duke starting vehemently from the sofa. The Marchioness rises to meet him, and catches him in her arms).

DUKE D'ORMOND.

'TIS she ! 'tis she ! Do not you see her there?—

[The Marchioness looks about, then again turns to the Duke.]

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Dead ! Julia ! dead ! No ! I will not believe it :
This is the very coinage of my brain !

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

What ails you, Duke? Speak, dearest D'Ormond,
speak!

Why are your eyes so fixed? and why do you
To one part of the room so earnestly
Direct your looks? There is nothing to be seen
There more than usual.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Dead, and living! both
At once! It is a fearful sight!

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Explain
Yourself: for heaven's sake, do!

DUKE D'ORMOND.

That voice! That voice!—
Is it not altered? 'Tis not as it should be!
Julia!

[Looking at the Marchioness, and then suddenly turning from her.]

Why take that shape, that damned shape!
Speak; I conjure thee, speak; but in the tones
Of thy own voice, of thy own natural voice.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

D'Ormond!

DUKE D'ORMOND (*stopping his ears*).

Oh, scream not thus! Oh, fiend of hell,
What art thou? What?—

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Maria, thy Maria!—

Thy own beloved Maria! Is so soon
The memory of those rapturous hours effaced,
Which, ere into this inauspicious sleep
You fell, we had together passed?

DUKE D'ORMOND.

We! We!

What, you and I? Off, off! I know you not!
Why take that damned shape? If you are Julia,
Why not appear to me in Julia's form?—

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

D'Ormond, you're ill! Yes, you are very ill.
I pray you let me send for some assistance.

DUKE D'ORMOND (*with a bitter smile*).

Ill? yes, I *am* ill! I begin to feel
Very ill! It has been a dream! But oh,
Such an one, as, with which, not to have been
Troubled, I would life's forfeiture have held—
E'en were that life a thousand times more worth
Than mine is,—a cheap compromise!—

Sit down

me, Maria! I begin to know you
 n!

*[Again looking towards the place on which
 he had so earnestly, and so fre-
 quently gazed.]*

Is she there? I seem to see her yet!—
 re!

[Pointing to the place.]

(To the Marchioness).

You remember what I said to you
 night, of Julia? Nay, start not! Be calm.
 not at me so! Be calm, very calm.
 my senses feel o'th' very brink
 alienation! Be calm, very calm!
 recollect that which I said of Julia?—
 en, and keep that in your mind! I dreamed
 thou in a delicious paradise,
 I, together wandered. Round us breathed
 ns of the most entrancing harmony!—
 seemed like blessed immortals newly winged.
 reflecting back the happiness,
 i, and intense at once that filled us both,
 is both inanimate and animate
 eauty sprung, where'er we bent our gaze.
 ice, a feeling of reality,
 as respected these forms, given to us,
 to the other, each allowed, and we
 a sense lent to us, as (in subservience

To our delight, and from the agency
Of our own wills) started to sudden birth
This wonderful assemblage of rich shapes.
Gardens, and plants of amaranthine bloom,
Bloom such as Eden only saw, conceived
Alone, by such as dwell in paradise.
Unfading bowers, and trees of lofty size,
Umbrageous, rich in leaves, and flowers, and fruits;
Immortal streams of living crystal!—founts
Of pure and everlasting copiousness.—
And gorgeous palaces, pavilion-like,
Meet temples e'en for gods. To crown all these
Seraphic forms, such as the eye ne'er saw;
Seraphic voices, such as ear ne'er heard!
Seraphic smiles, such as would win to love
A heart where fellest hate had fixed its seat.
A fervid light, intense, yet pure and holy,
Like a blessed halo, our transfigur'd forms
Enveloped. Thou and I wandered at will
In this delicious paradise! Love, deep,
Calm, permeating, cheerful, yet sublime,
Like that of innocent, adoring spirits
Transporting, ardent, yet accompanied
With the most perfect self-tranquillity,
The soul of each possessed. At once the scene
All changed! unutterable darkness now
Surrounded us. The atmosphere became
Clammy, pitch-like, and close, and nothing now
Was visible, except, from time to time,

When corruscations lurid and sulphureous,
Revealed to us, such mansions of dismay,
Such scenes of horror, as in ghastliness
Outstripped e'en any of those which the bard
Of Florence, or that greater British son
Of song immortal, have so well pourtrayed.
Chasms, yawning chasms; clouds both thunder-
voiced,

And black as Erebus; bickerings horrible
Of light unnatural; now of yellow, dun
And tawny, now of fiercest lurid red.
Unutterable groans, and yells, and screams;
Lakes of bitumen, and of weltering pitch,
Emitting a sulphureous fetidness
Even to suffocation: these, and such
As these, the objects were that smote our senses.—
In one, the blackest interval of darkness,
Betwixt the corruscations I described
I suddenly perceived that, by my side,
You were no more; since, when I called on you,
No longer you made answer to my call,
As you had heretofore. Into a vast
Interminable desert, in an instant,
Of polar ice and snow was metamorphosed
This chaos of infernal images;
Rugged,—abrupt,—ice-cliff on ice-cliff piled,
And nought beside, into the firmament
Started around me! Dense and noisome fog,
O'er the whole brooded! Such a yellow fog

As, in the winter oft o'ercanopies
Some vast metropolis ! and when the eye,
On the monotonous and wintry waste
With gazing tired, its speculation fixed
Where rolled (in solemn masses ocean-like,
Billowy and multitudinous as its waves)
Volumes of vapour, 'twas in canopy,
Though moving, yet impenetrable, lost !—
The only thing worse to endure than sight
Of the unbounded solitude around me
On every side, were—e'en to fearfulness—
To awful, unexpressive fearfulness—
The sentiment of *mental* solitude
That, at the same time, was on me impressed ;
With such a sense of cold, such corpse-like cold,
As I had been a petrification, yet
To life, and thought inexorably chained.
For some short space this lasted. Presently
I, as it were, heard th' utterance of my name.
It seemed as if it were “ a wandering voice ”
That floated in the air. No where it was,
Yet every where ; nor was it more allied
To form, than 'twas to place. I afterwards
Near to the base of fissure in a cliff
Of ice, espied an aperture, that had
The semblance of the entrance to a cave.
Thither my steps instinctively were urged.
When I had entered it, the fissure seemed
More narrow ; and that—which externally

Had had appearance, from the top o'th' cliff
To the bottom, of continuous separation ;
Now o'er my head was arched ! and at the *end*
Of a long narrow avenue, to which
The vision but imperfectly extended,
A light gleam, which, as I had now advanced
Further, than to receive a benefit
From the murky twilight of the solitude
I'd left, was, to this vault's extremity
My only guide ! Onward I went, and what
Was my surprize, when I came to the end
Of this ice-fretted passage, to behold
Roofed, walled with ice, and with ten thousand cressets

Of crystalline transparency illumed,
A circular magnificent apartment.
At the far end of this, on gorgeous couch,
Or sofa, on an area placed, to which
By steps of ice, transparent, you ascend,
Beneath a canopy profusely decked
With festooned curtains, and rich drapery,
Luxuriant from its amplitude of folds,
Of gossamery lightness, I saw *you*,
Maria, seated in immortal beauty.
You beckoned me to you with all that grace
Of earnestness, with delicacy temper'd,
Which is your own peculiar attribute.—
Forward I rushed to clasp you in my arms.
A crash, as of the loudest thunder, smote

Duke, and sinks at his feet. A long silence and general embarrassment ensue. At last, as the Marchioness perceives that the Duke remains fixed in his posture, clenching his hands over his eyes, and Julia almost motionless on the ground, though once or twice she raises her eyes with somewhat of an appealing look to the Duke, and as the Marchioness begins to guess who she is, she beckons to Courtenaye and Despard to assist her in removing either the Duke or Julia to another room: but though these gentlemen wish to restrain Julia so far as to prevent her and the Duke from understanding each other, and therefore are anxious to keep her in a sort of side play with themselves, and are alarmed at the present crisis, when she had, as it were, escaped from their grasp, yet as the project of the Marchioness would utterly defeat their schemes, they affect not to understand her.]

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR,

(To Courtenaye).

e of them remove ! Let him not see her.

COURTENAYE (*aside to Despard*). . .

Not see her!—But he shall!—

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR,

Look, look at him!

At her!—Ye wretches, it appears to you

A feast,—this spectacle of misery!

[*While she speaks, Julia, looking up, without changing her kneeling or recumbent posture, slowly and gently raises one hand, and is about to take that of the Duke.*]

DUKE D'ORMOND (*starting*).

Touch me not! touch me not! Touch not pollution.

JULIA,

(*Casting a fearful gaze around the room, towards the Marchioness, and Courtenaye, and Despard*).

Ill is he? Are ye not his friends?

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

He is

Very ill, madam. And as I infer

From your deportment, that himself and you

Have been ere now acquainted, and since deep

May be the interest you feel for him,

And he for you, I do entreat of you

Now to withdraw into another room,

With these gentlemen, or me, as he
 Is far too ill now to be taxed with conflict.

JULIA.

D'Ormond! 'Tis Julia now addresses you;
 Do you not know her voice? If but one word,
 I do conjure you, speak.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Am I in hell?—

Off, off! terrific vision!—

COURTENAYE (*aside to Despard*).

Yes, it works;—

The poison works as we could wish it.

JULIA,

(*Looking fearfully towards Maria*).

Has he

Been long ill, madam? I entreat of you
 This mystery to unravel. I cannot
 Thus leave him.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

But you shall! Some one must leave me.

I am beset, haunted, tormented!—No!
 No, no!—It is myself that haunt myself!—
 I am myself my own fierce tormentor!—
 Angelic creature!

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR,

(Seizing Julia by the wrist, and making an effort to separate her from D'Ormond).

Madam, come with me.

Let us withdraw.

COURTENAYE,

(Going up to Despard, and pointing to Julia).

Do you say something to her.

No matter what it is, so it be done

With air of an established intercourse.

DESPARD:

I understand you! Thank you for the hint.

[Despard goes up to Julia, and affects to speak in her ear with the familiarity of an old friend.]

COURTENAYE,

(Now going up to D'Ormond).

Be more a man!

[Pointing to Despard and Julia.]

You see who she is with.

What? Break your heart for mistress of another!

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Curse on thy tongue! Surely all hell is turned

Loose upon me!—This am I to endure!—

(To Julia).

False woman, quit my sight!—For ever quit

My sight!—For ever be thou banished!—

(To the Marchioness.)

Here!—

Here my sole haven is of lasting peace.

Let us retire.

[He embraces the Marchioness, and then retires with her.]

COURTENAYE,

(To Julia, who advances, though hesitatingly, to follow the Duke).

Nay, madam, stay here! You

See he is ill. If you will be more calm,

I will repair to him, and bring you word

Of his condition.

JULIA.

Nay, but I will follow.

COURTENAYE.

If you provoke me thus, so it must be!—

I must command here! Despard, you assist

To move this lady to another place.

[They each take a hand of Julia, and forcibly drag her out of the room.]

(The Marchioness re-entering, followed by the Duke D'Ormond).

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

What noise was that ? They're gone !—

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Could I believe this ?

That Julia ! That angélic, spotless Julia ;
To come, with her unhallowed paramour,
To insult me to my face ?—But stop, perchance,
This is but the fulfilment of my dream.
This what was meant by her prefigured death !
For now she's dead to me, quite dead ! Can I
Believe this to be so ?—

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Believe this ? No !—

Look at her face, and you cannot believe it !—
Hear her speak once, and you cannot believe it !
Her gestures see, and you cannot believe it.
There must be some mistake ! I did not know
She was in Paris : never heard her name
Either by Courtenaye or by Despard mentioned.
And yet a confidential intercourse
'Twixt her and Despard seems establish'd.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

No !—

It is not possible ! The universe,
If she no longer virtuous prove herself
Is but a splendid system of imposture.

(*Enter Courtenaye*).

COURTENAYE.

Galling enough!—Here Despard and I brought
His mistress here, thinking by this to set
Your mind at ease: thinking that seeing thus
How the affair stood 'twixt him, and that lady
Without compunction, and without reserve,
You might the more resign yourself to love,
To pleasure, and this lady. Thus it is:—
Whenever you most try to serve your friends,
You oft produce effects quite opposite
To those which you wish to achieve, by some
Unlucky *contre tems* or blunder.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Still

The interview was very ill-advised,
Just at this moment. So abrupt! so sudden!

COURTENAYE (*aside to the Marchioness*).

Hush! Hush! I have my reasons! But not now.
Another time I will explain them.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Have

I in the world a friend? Realities
Are th' individuals round me, or the mere
Coinage of my distempered brain? Alas,

Nought seems to go on as 'twas wont to do.
 No man's deportment longer seems to me
 Spontaneous or befitting. I could fancy
 That every one around me played a part;
 And that I, as designed to be their victim,
 Am the only one, of motives ignorant
 Which actuate the agents I observe,
 In one conspiracy 'gainst me.

COURTENAYE.

Tush, tush!—

A truce with your self-teazing phantasies!
 Your pretty country mistress, innocent,
 Religious, dutiful, although she seemed,
 Has only, in the end, turned out to be,
 What all such paragons of excellence
 Are, a mere flirt, and hypocrite.—For you,—
 'Tis well you have, in time, the truth discovered!—

[*A violent scream is heard from the next apartment.*]

JULIA (*within*).

I will—yes—I will see him! Though I must
 Die at his feet.

[*The Duke D'Ormond goes up to the door through which Julia had been dragged by Courtenaye and Despard, and finds it locked.*]

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Who—who has dared do this?—
's treachery here. Open this door, or I
burst the lock.

JULIA (*from within*).

D'Ormond!

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Oh, let me hear
voice!

*[While the Duke is endeavouring to force
the door, Courtenaye skulks behind
him and unlocks it, but not unper-
ceived by the Marchioness.]*

MARCHIONESS DE MYELCOUR.

ble villain! In my house such freedoms!—

*[The Duke brings in Julia, who looks
wildly about the room, and is ap-
parently quite unconscious of the
objects near her.]*

JULIA.

is well done? Here, here I came alone!
other I have buried! There, there, there,

[Pointing to the ground.]

I laid her there! Her coffin I beheld
As it sunk slow in earth! The creaking ropes
I heard, as gradually it disappeared!
The earth and stones I also heard, as they
Were on its surface cast! But then I thought
Of D'Ormond! Else, I should have fainted! Oh!
It was a wicked thought!

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Julia! My love?—

Julia.

JULIA.

That voice! Before I've listened to it!—
And it was silver sweet! Oft in my dreams
I have heard it! Ah! then sleep to me was welcome!
But Julia never now must slumber more!

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Demons of hell! Behold, what have you done!
(To Julia, leading her to a sofa).
Sit, sit,—my love! My blessed Julia, 'tis
D'Ormond who speaks to you! See, see—he kneels
Before you!

(To the Marchioness, who seems much affected.)

Come here! you have yet, at least,
I see, a woman-hearted feeling. Help me!—
Try to recal her wandering thoughts.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Indeed.

I would do any thing, sir, every thing !

My heart bleeds both for you, and for this lady.

(To Courtenaye and Despard).

For you, ye wretches, it were honouring you

Too much, to waste a curse upon you.

[The Marchioness advances towards Julia, and in endeavouring to cause her to recline on some of the cushions of the sofa, which, for that purpose, she had previously piled at one end of it, as Julia's posture is changed, a miniature which is fastened round her neck, and which was concealed in her bosom, escapes from its confinement ; Courtenaye, who, with Despard, is looking over the back of the sofa, appears much struck with it, and fixes his eyes intently upon it.]

COURTENAYE.

'Tis,

By all the saints, my mother ! This must be
Her picture ! What may be this lady's name ?—

JULIA.

That voice is gone! Where am I? Round and round
My head whirls! Hark! What horrid voice is that
I hear? Speak—speak—say, would ye murder me?—
Alone, unfriended, on his love relying,
Did I not come here? But I have been used
Most vilely. Into wicked hands I've fallen!—
They told me he was false, another loved!—
Meanwhile confiding, trusting in his truth,
And her own innocence, she cast herself,
Yes, his poor Julia, she cast herself
Into this populous city, and here,—here,—
Have I insulted been.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

My Julia! Julia!—

It is thine own dear D'Ormond.

JULIA.

Yes! I know it!—

I know thy voice now! I am well, quite well!—

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Oh ecstasy! Ah Julia!—my own Julia!—

JULIA.

Ah D'Ormond! What I've suffered you know not!—
My mother! my dear mother!—

DUKE D'ORMOND.

What of her?—

*[Julia hides her face in her handkerchief.**— D'Ormond now first observes her mourning garments, and the miniature lying in her bosom.]*

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Ah, spare your words! She is—I understand you—
These mourning weeds.—

COURTENAYE.

(Who all this time had been lost in amazement and curiosity).

Her name? What is her name?—

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Whose name? Why are you thus inquisitive?—

COURTENAYE.

This lady's mother's! Her's whose portrait here
This lady honours thus.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Her name is Villeneuve.
She is the daughter of my father's sister!

COURTENAYE.

Almighty God, she is my sister!

ALL,

(Excepting Julia, whose countenance resumes all its bewilderment, and becomes expressive of relapsing insanity).

Yours!—

Your sister?—

COURTENAYE.

Yes, my name by birth is Villeneuve!
Though I have changed it for another. She
My sister is.

JULIA *(starting wildly from the sofa).*

Who talked of sister? No!

No, no! 'Tis D'Ormond that I want. I have
No brother, mother, friend!—I have lost all.

DUKE D'ORMOND *(to Courtenaye).*

Be on your guard! See what you've done! Do you,
Marchioness, draw him hence.

*[The Marchioness beckons Courtenaye
apart; they walk towards the interior
of the apartment, Despard
hanging on their rear.]*

JULIA.

Is it then come
To this? For him I kept myself alive!—

When I have watched, daily, and hourly watched,
 The dying look, and the decaying form,
 Of my revered, and venerable mother ;
 And when I recollected that I had,
 When she went, not a friend on earth, I should
 Have also died had I not thought of D'Ormond.
 He is to Julia the whole universe!—
 And the whole universe speaks, breathes of nought
 To her, but him ! Sometimes, I think I see him,
 But it is only in a shadowy dream,
 Which, with the semblance of reality,
 But mocks me ! No, 'twixt him and me, there is
 Fixed an impassable gulph ! I feel it here.
 Here—here !

*[Putting her hand alternately to her head
 and her heart.]*

'To the Duke, who makes an attempt to speak to her).

Do not look so at me ! Talk not
 To me ! You only mock me ! You are like,
 But you are not the same.

DUKE D'ORMOND,

*Still supporting Julia, but turning aside to that
 part of the room where the Marchioness is).*

Do one of you
 Come here, and take my place ! I cannot bear it !—
 Each word she utters stabs my very vitals !
 Even worse than she herself soon shall I be !

[The Marchioness advances to support Julia, with a look of the deepest concern and sympathy.]

JULIA,

(As she approaches, and as the Duke is about to disengage himself from her).

Off—off—no one shall touch me but himself.

(To the Duke).

You should be D'Ormond! But you are not he!
My once beloved D'Ormond! There's a likeness!—
And for that likeness' sake, no one of you
Shall touch me but himself. I love you e'en
For that resemblance! But the real D'Ormond
And Julia must be wedded in the grave!—
Fearful thoughts have I!—fearful visions!

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Hell,

Canst thou have agonies surpassing this!—
Julia, my Julia, my own Julia!—
Oh, God of mercy, straining to my heart,
Here am I, all that that heart most adores!
But I have made a sacrifice of her!—
And now, although our forms be intertwined,
An insurmountable impediment
Is raised between us!—We no longer live
In the same world!—

JULIA (*catching his last words*).

Oh, but we do! There is
 world for me to live in where he is not!—
 very beating of my heart he lives!—
 soft—bad thoughts will peradventure rise
 in one, like me, is ill.

[*Disengaging her hand.*]

About a knife,
 ink, I somewhat recollect! There was
 ad girl, who lived near my mother's house,
 o had a knife, a wicked knife!—

[*Putting her hand in her pocket.*]

You look
 l, and as if you fain would serve me. Keep,
 ay you, this! Keep it for my poor sake!

[*Giving him a knife.*]

y say a knife is an unlucky gift!—
 ah, what gift of mine would not be so?—
 pray keep that, and think of me! This pic-
 ture,

not part with that! or I would give
 t to you also! No, no, that must be
 ed with me! Here! For my sake, keep these!

[*Producing a few trinkets, and a worked
 handkerchief, and giving the for-
 mer to the Duke.*]

t handkerchief was formerly designed
 D'Ormonde, as a fond memorial! See,

How carefully I have enbroidered it!—
Here, with my hair, are his initials marked.

[*Bursts into a flood of tears.*]

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

These tears! Grant heaven they might relieve her!

What

Wretches, good God, are we! Trifling away
In inconsiderate and unmeaning passions,
(To say the best of them, we cannot give
To them a higher epithet) our time,
While this divine, self-sacrificing creature,
Little by little, and un comforted,
Was dying our unconscious victim. When
I think of it, I hate myself to loathing.

DESPARD (*to Courtenaye*).

Well acted, on my honour! If she turn
Preacher, who says that miracles have ceased?

COURTENAYE (*to Despard*).

Hold that blaspheming tongue of thine! This is
An hour for cursing rather than such mummary!

[*Julia, who has continued weeping all this time, now casts a look of ineffable sweetness for a moment toward D'Ormond.*]

DUKE D'ORMOND.

Beloved creature ! Look thou ever thus !
This is thy D'Ormond ! Come, sit down again !—
Try to be tranquil ! All will yet be well.

(Turning to the Marchioness).

This lady will to you be as a sister !—
Maria, will you not ?—

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Oh, that I were
Worthy of that !—I am for life her convert !—
A name for me more suited than the other !

COURTENAYE.

What canting have we here ? We may as well
Go hang ourselves.

DESPARD.

Aye, hang, drown, poison, shoot ;—
Or any thing methinks ! What think you now
Of your manœuvring ?

COURTENAYE.

Think ? I am too mad
To think ! I'm quite sick of the part I take !—
That's all I know !

JULIA.

This, this is the true D'Ormond !—
Now is our bridal hour come. I engaged

I would be true to you ! See, see, from earth
 He rises ! To the skies he beckons me.—
 Ah, this is he indeed ! He is but gone
 Before me ; and invites me to his arms !—
 My love is not a love of mortal mould !—
 He is a blessed, ethereal spirit ! Now !—
 This is the hour ! I hear his voice ! I come !
 D'Ormond I come ! Of everlasting union
 Thus I invoke the sacramental pledge !....

[Sinks down on her knees. The Duke and the Marchioness each rush forward towards her, she faints ; and while the curtain slowly falls, they bear her, in a state of insensibility, out of the apartment.]

SCENE THE THIRD.

COURTENAYE and DESPARD.

COURTENAYE.

WAS not this nobly done ? A man to turn
 Pander to his own sister ?

DESPARD.

I am all
 Amazement ! Solve this riddle to me. Is

Courtenaye your name or not? Say, have you been
 Making fools of us for the last four years,
 Or are you making now? Though, to speak truth,
 You seem predestined of yourself to make
 The greatest fool.

COURTENAYE.

Listen, Despard, to me;
 And cease thy stupid wonder! Villeneuve is
 My real name! I am brother to this lady;
 Son to the sister, and the only sister,
 (Brother or sister none had he besides)
 Of the Duke D'Ormond's father: though of this
 The Duke had no suspicion. Little wealth
 To me my father at his death bequeathed.
 He was a hugenot: under pretence
 Of heresy, of his fair patrimony
 By far the greater part was confiscate
 To the omnivorous rapaciousness
 Of superstitious hypocrites and bigots.
 But as my mother's brother, the Duke's father,
 Lived single till advanced in years, and since
 There were no heirs in the male line, I was
 Believed to be, till I was ten years old,
 My uncle's heir. Thus learned I to abhor
 Whoever might fill up the vacant niche,
 With its appurtenances, doomed one day,
 As I was flattered to expect, and hoped,
 On myself to devolve.—The Duke and I

Both were at the same school ; though younger, he
But two years came to, ere I quitted, it :—
And subsequently college comrades were we.
Thus by the relative circumstance, *at first*,
Of both our houses, the Duke's wealthy, while
My own, its equal in pretensions, was
Impoverish'd, then by D'Ormond's birth, and lastly
By his pre-eminence, were frustrated,
Nay, strangled in the cradle which had nurs'd them,
My high ambition, and aspiring hopes !—
I came to Paris, pedant rules abjured,
And buckled to my thigh th' adventurous sword,
Hoping by force to win those smiles of fortune,
Which to my blood, and talents were denied.—
But strong solicitings of appetite
Here made myself my own antagonist,
As much as in the earlier scenes of life
My kinsman so had been. Why weary you
With a long tale ?—Desire exceeded means ;
And love of pleasure, pleasure's subsidies.
My father died, the little that from him
I gathered, in usurious practices
Had long time been forestalled. Bankrupt was I
In hope as well as fortune. I applied
To a friend, my father when a bachelor
Had had, who since that time had fixed himself
On the vast transatlantic continent.—
My friends then living, nothing of him knew.
He too unwedded was. He had acquired

Vast wealth, yet had no one with whom to share it.
He flattered my appeal, invited me
To seek a home with him. I quitted France—
My friends no longer tidings of me hearing
Conjectured I was dead ; and to confirm
This thought, I framed a tale, committing it
To such a channel as I knew would bring it
To them, establishing beyond all doubt,
This fact already rumoured and believed.
My father's youthful comrade welcom'd me
With hospitality : after a ten years' *tarriance*
under his roof, he died, left me his wealth,
With the sole stipulation that henceforth
I, in addition to my own, should bear,
With its appurtenant blazonries, his name.
The effect of ten years' *tarriance* in a clime,
With manners foreign, had been such, that I
Conceived no fears, should I return to France,
Than any in my visnomy or person,
A comrade of past times should recognise.
I came to Paris. Never once did I
Ask tidings of my mother or my sister.
As for the latter, fifteen years was she
Younger than I ; and as she still had leaned—
From a more strict accordancy of tastes
In part, with more accordancy of years,—
To closer intercourse with my uncle's son
Than with myself, she of the hate partook
I bore to him. With wealth to cope with it,

My earlier love returned of costly pastimes,
Added to this, I had acquired, since first
I left my native land,—so filling up
My oft recurring intervals of leisure—
A taste for hazardous stakes at games of chance.
When the Duke hither came, once more was I
A ruined man ! I hated him as much
As ever :—felt no fear that he in me
Would recognise a kinsman and a rival !—
Leagued with the Marchioness de Mielcour,
Believing that his coffers groaned with wealth,—
You know the rest—I formed a scheme, through her,
Or so to make a bankrupt of his mind,—
Knowing his strict tenaciousness of conscience—
And knowing too how wayward are his passions—
Through her I formed a scheme—by making her
The means of his launching his eager bark
From the sure pilotage of virtuous love—
To engulph him in destruction, first of soul,
And then of body ! Or if this should fail,
At least by having made him with himself
At war, knowing how prone his nature is
To crave excitement, thence to draw him on
Into th' inextricable toils and snares
Which wait all novices in games of chance ;
From whence I trusted that my elder skill
Might disencumber his inheritance
Of its redundant superfluity.
You see how far my projects have matured !

n as all mine have done ! to pieces dashed,
t as they seemed for consummation fit !
I now am I at my wit's end, to know
/ from this labyrinth to make escape.

DESPARD.

are indeed, man, in your own snares caught !
you—who can ! Not I !—I wash my hands
the whole stratagem.

COURTENAYE.

Curses on such
-blooded villany ! But, hark you, Despard,
must be exposed, as seemblably
all be, you (as you have not refused
share in the contingent benefits
his scheme tacked) shall not, I promise you,
ase of its miscarriage, be exempt
n being partner in its obloquy.

*[A scream is heard from the apartment
within: the door bursts open, and
Julia, her hair loose, and in a night
dress, rushes in to Courtenaye and
Despard, followed by the Duke
D'Ormond, Physician, and the
Marchioness de Mielcour.]*

JULIA.

Is't so? They say he lives! did I not see him?—
Did he not beckon to me from the skies?—
Immortal was he, radiant, unearthly!—
And now they tell me that 'twas all a dream!—

(Going up to Courtenaye).

Did not you mention make to me erewhile
About a sister?—I no brother have!
Oh, could I but believe in any thing!—
But all seems shadowy; all forms indistinct,
And changing every moment! Even now
Your face puts on a thousand different aspects.
Let me at something grasp! I'm falling—falling—
The very firm-set earth seems to give way
Under my feet!

PHYSICIAN.

This must not be allowed!—

This lady must be quiet, or there is
No chance the anodyne we have administered
Will prove effectual. If this lady be
Not tranquillized, and speedily, I fear
Greatly the end of this.

JULIA.

Fear, said you? What
Fear you? You all have driven me to this!—

And now pretend astonishment, nay, pity.—
It is too late for that ! Who pitied me
Alone and unprotected ? I have been
The very mark for insult to exhaust
On me all possible atrocities.—
And now you pity me ! I smile at this.
Let me be quiet. Quietness I ask !—
There is but one place where I can indulge
That wish—the grave ! Oh, look thou down, look
down,
On thy abused, and broken-hearted daughter,
My sainted mother !—But I cannot pray !—
No, no, a cold hand presses on my heart,
As if its very beatings it would stifle !—
I know by your looks that you think me mad !
No, no ! I am not mad ! I yet distinguish
'Twixt foes and friends ; as proof of it, here—here
Will I take up my everlasting rest !—

*[She rushes into the arms of the Duke
D'Ormond ; while he endeavours to
press her to his bosom, her knees
faulter, she slips through his arms,
and dies at his feet.]*

SCENE THE LAST.

Inside of a Monastery: the coffin of Julia covered with a velvet pall, and tapers burning around it.

The MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR, habited in deep mourning, bending over the coffin.

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR,

(After a pause.)

YOU I renounce henceforth for ever, Love,
Pleasure, ambition! See here—what a wreck
Your sophistries have wrought, ye that would plead
For the unchecked indulgence of your passions,
Under pretence that they instinctive are,
And thence legitimate, in human breasts:—
Only since natural, legitimate!—
Myself do I abhor! 'Tis true, I cannot
A whining, canting, penitent become.
The penance of coarse garments, homely fare,
Fasting, and maceration, tedious vigils
Consumed in prayer, and solitary gloom;
Nay, that of the most rigid order which
Of discipline monastic has e'er yet
Been instituted, e'en though solitude,
And everlasting silence, it involved,

Would be to me no penance ! Mine shall be
Of deeper dye ! I will consent to live
To be an object for " the hand of scorn
To point her slowly moving finger at."

8th 4:2:54
(adapted)

Mine being yet rank, opulence, and power,
In others I may yet alleviate woe.
My future life shall now be dedicate
To this resolve, renouncing utterly
The sources e'en of virtuous sympathy,
If chance I might enjoy them ; though I fear
Rather must I now lie in wait for them,
Than hope that they will come spontaneously :
And though I be fallen, yet not fallen so low
As to accept of that beneath a mask,
Which is of worth but as 'tis genuine.

(Kneeling before the coffin of Julia).

Dear saint, thou art no more ! awful indeed
Hath been the sacrifice, which hath produced
This revolution in my character.
Yet deign thou, from the mansions of the blest,
Not only to attend to, but record,
The vow, (and pledge be for its strict performance)
Which now I make, to consecrate to thee,
And to thy memory, every future hour :
On earth to represent thee ! Not, oh no !
In uncontaminated purity,
In native innocence, and fervent zeal
Of adoration ! That can never be !
But still as a self-sacrificing spirit,

To copy thee in thy beneficence,
In thy devotedness of character !
Although no masses, no meet obsequies,
Were celebrated for thy soul's repose,
Yet, from thy ashes, in my heart shall spring
A sacrificial flame of charity,
To which (thus prostrating myself before
The narrow mansion which containeth all
That now remains of thee) I make a vow
Most solemnly to consecrate each deed,
And future thought. She is no more ! No more
The vain, ambitious, proud Maria lives !—
Even as thou art, Julia, is she dead !—
And her transformed self but consents to dwell
On this earth as a delegate to thee !—
Till after years spent in the deep abasement
Of never shunned, and ever cleaving shame,
She may be fit to commune with thy spirit
In scenes where tears are wiped from every eye.

[As she is slowly rising, the Duke D'Ormond enters. Both he and the Marchioness stand for some time, without looking at each other, intently gazing on the coffin.]

MARCHIONESS DE MIELCOUR.

Words were superfluous here ! were sacrilege !
Till to the earth that coffin be consigned

endure your presence I consent: that done,
our separation must be everlasting.

DUKE D'ORMOND.

-morrow, I, in company with Colville,
quit, for America, my native land;
having long had the purpose to go thither,
with a portion of his patrimony,
made change for grant of lands from government,
to the most inaccessible retreats
which France holds in that mighty continent.
And, all preliminaries now arranged,
his scheme is ripe for final execution.
My days I mean to end with Colville there,
distant from former scenes, in solitude,
solaced, unconversing solitude:—
at least inasmuch so, as respects
the gay, the frivolous, the fortunate;
the multitude of the common file of men;
those human beings whose hearts have not been
wounded by th' hot iron of calamity,
guilt, and remorse! Let us, Maria, take
our last farewell, kneeling once more before
the narrow mansion where poor Julia lies.

*[They kneel before the coffin. As the
Duke D'Ormond and the Mar-
chioness de Mielcour, after a so-
lemn pause, severally retire in dif-*

ferent directions to remote parts of the apartment, Count Colville and Le Charier enter, unseen by, and not seeing them.]

COUNT COLVILLE, (*approaching the coffin*).
 And this is all that I could do for thee,
 Thou ill-requited victim! This the sad,
 The latest sacrifice to social ties,
 That I shall pay ere I for ever quit
 My native land! In all this pomp of death,
 I seem to see again the obsequies
 Of my beloved wife! Little thought I,
 When I, but yesternight, in my own house
 Convers'd with her, and at the hour of noon
 Promised a second interview to-day,
 That such would be our meeting! Yet I have
 Cause to congratulate myself that I
 Knew by her means, that she in Paris was.
 Thus, when I found her not, where she had fixed
 To meet me, to Duke D'Ormond's house I went.
 He was not there. By diligent inquiry
 I traced him to the Marchioness de Mielcour's,
 Just as the dire catastrophe had chanced.
 So little here was Julia known; so deep,
 And violent was Duke D'Ormond's agony,
 And that which pierced the Marchioness, perchance,
 Had it not been for me, she might have lost
 Those honours, and commemorative rites

Due to her rank, and exemplary virtue,
 Though they were both by poverty eclipsed.—
 I interceded with this sisterhood,
 To let her corse be hither borne, and now
 I here repair, (while, with thy presence, thou
 Dost countenance, and dost assist, to add
 Meet reverence to it) when a solemn dirge
 Is to be chanted o'er her mortal relics.

*[As Count Colville concludes, a solemn
 chaunting is heard from a distance.
 —The organ strikes up; a proces-
 sion of Nuns enters, preceded by
 the Abbess, and the Duke D'Or-
 mond and the Marchioness de Miel-
 cour fall into its rear.]*

COUNT COLVILLE.

But see, the sisterhood advances! Hark :
 The organ's solemn peal! Take we our part
 In this last act of holy reconciliation
 To an untimely death : an act, as we
 Would fain believe, both to the dead and living
 Mutually fraught and interchangeably
 With sweet forgiveness, and religious love !

The Dirge is here performed.

I.

HEAR, oh God! our solemn prayer!—
 Here is sorrow, not despair.

Here a virgin victim lies,
An unconscious sacrifice!—
Blighted by the world's cold scorn,
Like a flower in April born,
Which having sprung up all too frail
To bear retiring winter's gale,
Ere it could display its pride,
Tempest-stricken, drooped and died.

II.

Bounteous God, of whom we trust,
That thou in mercy ever dost
Chastise the creatures thou hast made,
May, from the tomb where *she* is laid,
Such a spirit spring, and seize
Those whose unhallowed ministries
Brought to the grave this Innocent,—
That they may, ere too late, repent;
Thus from *her fall*, and sacrifice,
May all her *foes* to Heaven *arise*.

III.

So in the abodes of endless rest
Her virtues will be doubly blest;
Blessed in their native innocence,
And blessed in blessings they dispense.
Already do we seem to hear
A voice from this untimely bier,
Which calls to those who knew her when
She sojourned in the haunts of men.

“ If ye regret pangs I’ve endured,
“ Be by those pangs to Heaven allured!
“ Thus will my fate, however hard,
“ Meet with a more than full reward.”

[The coffin is slowly borne out of the chapel, followed by the Duke D’Ormond, Count Colville, Le Charier, the Marchioness de Mielcour, and the procession of Nuns, and the curtain falls as the symphony is played which closes this dirge.]

THE END.

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